THE ULTIMATE SEX SURVEY

2,000 WOMEN TELL ALL!
P.68

MAXIM

MARCH 2009

Dollhouse's ELIZA DUSHKU
Undercover with TV's Sexiest Spy

WE'VE GOT BALLS!
Our 12-Step Plan to Save Sports

THE HOTTEST STARS OF SPRING
- Street Fighter's Kristin Kreuk
- Fired Up's Danneel Harris
- The Drop Dead Girls of Friday the 13th

RETURN OF THE BIG EASY
97 Reasons Mardi Gras Is Better Than Ever P.56

PLUS!

Surviving St. Paddy's Day

Cheech & Chong Still Smokin'

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MMA Superstar Gina Carano: So Sexy It Hurts!

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AXE

EVERY KID HAS A GREAT BALLPLAYER THEY LOOK UP TO.
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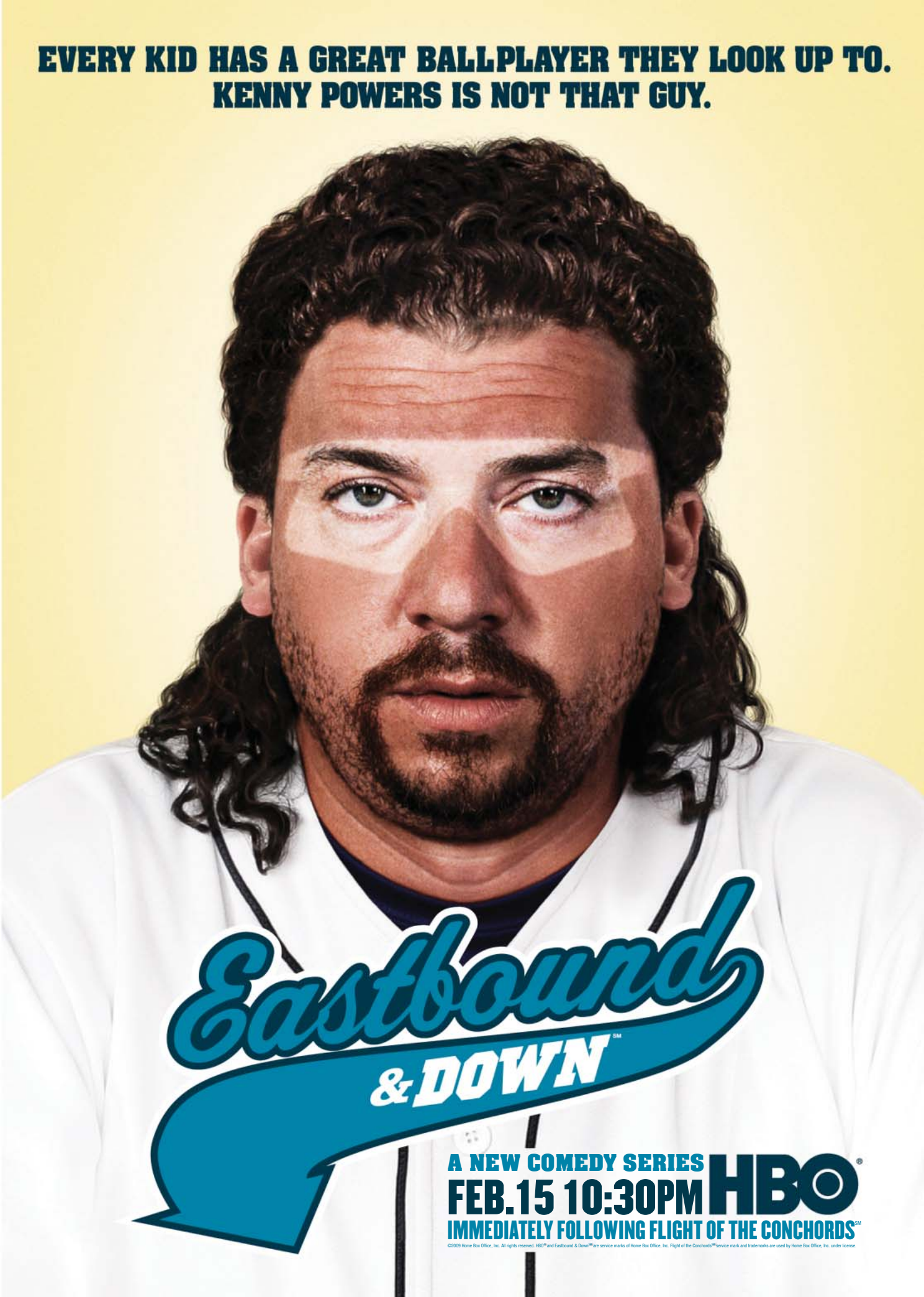

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50 Eliza Dushku

Buffy's best friend is back as TV's sexiest spy in Fox's new series *Dollhouse*. Just call her Secret Agent Ma'am.

56 The *Real* Big Easy
The ultimate insider's guide to doing Mardi Gras like a pro, with our fun-tastic tour of New Orleans' best dive bars, po'boys, go-cups, alligators, and glittery feathered masks! By Steve Garbarino

62 Bring Her On
Danneel Harris, star of this month's sexiest teen comedy, *Fired Up*, plays the sapphic, be-scrunchied cheerleader of your naughtiest dreams. By Seth Kelly

66 Icon: Cheech and Chong
The still-smokin' kings of pot comedy are reunited, back on tour, and opining on every thing from Obama to nirvana. By Matt Diehl

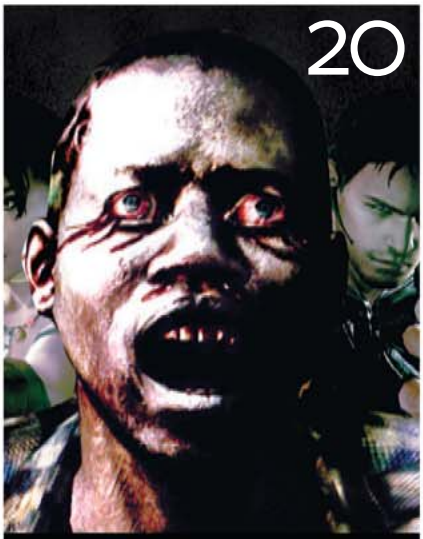
68 The 2009 Sex Survey
We posed all the inappropriate questions you were afraid to ask, and more than 2,000 women dished about one-night stands, favorite positions, porn, and much more! The rest is up to you.

72 Love and Death in Iraq
Soldier Kamisha Block's death was blamed on friendly fire. Probes of an army cover-up and a jealous lover told a different story. An exclusive investigation. By Peter Wilkinson

78 Drop Dead Gorgeous
Willa Ford and Julianna Guill, scream queens of the new *Friday the 13th* splatterfest, paint our pages red. By Stinson Carter

On the Cover
Photograph, James White; styling, Karen Shapiro; hair, Philip Carreon for the Wall Group; makeup, Kathy Jeung for Magnet L.A.; manicure, Debbie Leavitt for cloutieragency.com. C'N'C Costume National bra; La Perla briefs; Hue thigh-highs. Shot on location at the SLS Hotel at Beverly Hills (slshotels.com).

Contents | Departments



INCOMING: *Resident Evil 5* scores with gore!

STUFF: Killer coffee makers won't let you sleep.

FASHION: Franz Ferdinand's dance-rock cool.

RATED: *Lost* lovely Maggie Grace gets *Taken*.

COLUMNS: Viral marketers infecting your brain!

16 Letters
Our mailbox was smashed by joyriding teens, but we salvaged enough missives to reflect your praise and put-downs!

18 Incoming
The Masturbating Bear's farewell to New York, the Zen of the Zamboni, and why we hate bathroom attendants.

29 Rated
Watchmen director Zack Snyder gets geeky, Johnny Knoxville gets reflective, and the Decemberists get loud.

39 Stuff
Ducati's hot new naked street bike, the baddest basketball kicks, and one man's obsession with *StarWars* action figures.

44 Columns
Maxim saves sports! From legalizing steroids to imposing an "asshole tax," we solve all ball-related problems.

83 Expert
Irish eyes are crying with joy about our guide to surviving St. Patrick's Day. And muscles are sore from our ski workout!

Style

Smooth-dressing Scots Franz Ferdinand suit up and spout off about their club-shaking new album, *Tonight*, and being Kanye's favorite rock band.

100 The Decider
This boot-camp edition of the Decider asks all you worthless maggots: What's your major malfunction, numbnuts?

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THE BIGGEST LOSERS

Damn you, helmet laws!

Cycling cutie Liz Hatch (left) and total knockout (in and out of the ring) Gina Carano put Maxim.com's schlubby editors through fitness hell all this month for your amusement.

FIRE STARTERS

Before you sprint to the nearest theater to catch *Fired Up,* click over to Maxim.com to ogle one of the flick's sexy stars, Molly Sims.

MOTOR MADNESS

After reading our guide to the best of Detroit's nightlife (p.83), check out Maxim.com for nonstop Motor City coverage of a little thing called the NCAA Tournament.

LAUGH LINES

If our own caption contest (p.18) can't satisfy your one-liner lust, Maxim Online is offering up this sweet gaming laptop to one clever yukster.

SPRING HAS SPRUNG

In case you aren't already gulping Jägermeister from a dirty hose in Tijuana, Maxim.com is showcasing the best spring-break spots in the world, and they have the video to prove it.

DIAL UP

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Editor's Letter

MARCH 2009

Ah, spring—a magical time to have your spirits renewed, your senses revived, and, if you're like millions of other Americans out there, your car repossessed and your gym membership canceled. If what Anderson Cooper tells me is true, Barack Obama has a tattoo of Karl Marx on his left ass cheek *and* this country is suffering its worst economic crisis since the Great Depression. I believe the Silver Fox on both counts (and so many more!). Joblessness and homelessness are on the rise, and, I mean, Obama is fine walking around shirtless, so why does he refuse to give us a glimpse of his rock-hard buns of steel? Don't we as Americans have that right? What exactly are you hiding, Mr. President?

The economic downturn this country is facing has hit its citizens hard in very big and difficult ways. But thanks to loyal readers like you, *Maxim* is hanging tough in a year when many a magazine is crashing and burning on the newsstand. Some of America's most treasured periodicals have closed up shop recently: *O at Home* got foreclosed, *Cosmogirl* came down with premature menopause, my beloved *Cottage Living* shuttered its whimsical gates, and *Playboy*'s sales are even more flaccid than Hugh Hefner in a steam room.

The crashing economy has also affected people's lives in smaller but no less poignant ways. The Changer-in-Chief has called for all Americans to make sacrifices, and a quick survey of my staff shows that we here at *Maxim* have taken that call to heart.

"I've released most of my stable of pet squirrels back into the wild. The cost of nuts is out of control, and besides, they keep nibbling on my privates when I'm asleep."—Deputy editor Chris Wilson

"I've gone back to wiping my nose on my sleeves so I don't have to buy Kleenex. And stopped paying my rent!"—Senior editor Maria Fontoura

"I've been reduced to ordering 'surf' without the 'turf' when I go out to steakhouses."—Executive editor Steve Garbarino

"I now buy Pert Plus. It's like getting the conditioner for free!"—Associate art director Billy Sorrentino

"Well, my mannequin collection has become completely outdated. You try bidding on the latest lifeless ladies from Lord & Taylor when your credit rating is in the crapper!"—Copy chief Ken Gee

"I've switched from Talisker 25 Year to Talisker 20 Year."—Features editor David Swanson

"I've taken a second job as a Magnum condom tester."—Senior editor Patrick Carone

"I make gin in my bathtub."—Managing editor Brekke Fletcher

"I stopped adding chopped hot dogs to my mac and cheese. Also, I milk my cat."—Associate editor Jesse Will

The bravery these people have exhibited in the face of adversity fills my heart with the courage to persevere and to help other folks in crisis to do the same. Are you having a crisis of sobriety? Then rip out our insider's guide to the Big Easy [p.56] and hit Mardi Gras like a Mudslide-slurping, crawfish cuddling professional. Haven't been in the presence of a naked woman you didn't have to tip in quite some time? Turn to our 2009 Sex Survey [p.68] and bone up on what is going on inside the fairer sex's pretty heads. More than 2,000 women answered every question you've ever wanted to ask about their likes, dislikes, and call-the-police-immediatelies, and we've got the saucy results.

But the ultimate prescription to cure whatever ails you awaits on page 50: our red-hot cover shoot of TV's sexiest secret agent, Eliza Dushku! Thanks to the recession, we could only afford half of her wardrobe.

Feeling better yet? Good. Happy days are here again!

James Kaminsky
Editorial Director

Maxim's Celebrity Intern

Vogue had Sean Avery for an intern. Gawker had James Frey. Our celeb intern? A cardboard cutout of Joe Biden!

Cardboard Joe Biden helps out the interns with copy making. His intentions are good, but he jams the machine twice trying to make copies of his ass cheeks.

"What are you, the cocktail-wienie editor?" giggles Cardboard Joe Biden to senior associate editor Mike Dawson. Hey, Cardboard Joe Biden, don't be such a dick!

Research chief Christian Smith turns down Cardboard Joe Biden's request for a mustache ride. "Whatever, your loss," Cardboard Joe Biden huffs.

"For the last time, Cardboard Joe Biden," says fashion assistant Emily Johnson, "you do *not* 'rock this bra-and-panty set harder than Marisa Miller.' OK?"

"Dude, stop talking about Scranton and start rubbing my neck like I told you, Cardboard Joe Biden!" shouts an especially tense associate editor Jesse Will.

Scandal rocked the storage closet when Cardboard Joe Biden was caught lip-locked with the St. Pauli Girl. Somebody call the Drudge Report!

NIGEL PARRY (KAMINSKY); GROOMING, JENNA MENARD

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March Gladness

Duff made you dizzy, our Beer Guide was fizzy, and polar bear murders sent you into a tizzy!

"Anybody seen my heating pad?"

Not Enough Duff

Your January issue featuring cover girl Hilary Duff was spectacular. I wish there were more women like Hilary for average Joes like me!

T.J. via e-mail

T.J., you're far from average. Why, you own a personal computer! Or at the very least, you have a library card. And you lust after the unattainable starlets in Maxim. *So, you see, you are very "special" indeed!*

Tamp Stamp of Approval

Thank you for not mentioning the three greatest bars in the Tampa area ["Let's Go Tampa!" January]. We local folk go to the Ringside Cafe, Skipper's Smoke House, and Dave's Aqua Lounge. Thanks to you, those damn Super Bowl fans didn't contaminate our best spots.

L. Sewer via e-mail

We also enjoy hanging out at empty bars. Where better to practice our favorite pastimes—making balloon animals and advanced nude miming—without being asked to leave by some stupid bouncer?

Quite a Mouthful

I would like to see Penn Jillette—and *Maxim* by association—justify calling wine drinkers "needledicks" while Penn creams himself discussing the "mouth feel" of chocolate like an aging, sex-starved housewife ["Candy Man," January]. That was a disturbing article on many levels.

B.S. via e-mail

True, whenever we've used "mouth feel" in a sentence, particularly during first dates or job interviews, things went badly. But Penn can get away with it because he's good at card tricks and has a totally sweet ponytail. Hey, we didn't make the rules!

Now Beer This

I blew past all the pictures of gorgeous women and turned straight to the 99-bottles-of-beer piece ["The Drinking Man's Guide to Beer"] in the January issue. Great article, and my hat goes off to those responsible. Need any volunteers for the testing staff next time?

ALK via e-mail

Just your hat came off? Shirts, pants, mangirdles, and a merkin or two were shed in the blurry, shameful drink-off that was our beer test. Some of the tasters got so blotto, they wound up spending some sizzling "alone time" with old issues of Men's Health*!*

Bearly Legal

Was that piece on killing polar bears ["Winterize Everything," January] meant to be funny? Encouraging men to kill polar bears Luke Skywalker–style and sleep inside them is just plain ignorant. Tell your readers to build an igloo if they want to be real men.

S.L. Toronto, ON

If a polar bear could cut you *open with a lightsaber and nestle in your steaming innards for its precious warmth, well...he probably wouldn't. Those polar bears are just too serious to do anything that hilarious!*

#5 IN A SERIES

LETTERS FROM OUR MOMS

I found *Maxim*'s January issue to be chockfull of useful information. I love Irish wolfhounds, so reading about Clancy and Duffy was great, and Denis Leary isn't hard to look at, either ["My Obsession"]. I happily discovered that my favorite beer, Coors Light, made the cut in the beer package, but quickly got shot down after taking the "What's Your Resolution?" Decider quiz, which said I should stop drinking in 2009!

Love, Mom

Leave it to senior designer Chandra Illick's sharp mom, Sandra Greer, to see that Maxim *deserves an ASME award for our long-overlooked canine coverage. Our "interview" with Denis what's-his-name was a mere ploy to lovingly photograph his fascinating yet worm-ridden wolfhounds. We're coming for you,* Dog Fancy*!*

TOUCH CLOWNS

In honor of the NCAA Tournament, our readers reminisce about their most vivid intramural sports moments.

"After I booted a guy in the berries in a kickball game, they took away my Subway frequent feaster card. It had only three punch holes left!" **K.F.**

"My mom used to bring a case of whipped cream into the football team's showers after big games. Apparently, they were making sundaes." **S.T.**

"We only played flag football at my school, so I tied my flag tightly around my junk for added staying power. It hurt like hell, but it worked." **M.M.**

"After years of trying to dunk a basketball, I finally pulled it off...on the morning of 9/11. Now I can't even dribble without crying." **S.A.**

"I was the MVP of my football team. It was a fashion college, so the trophy was a jade statuette of Karl Lagerfeld. I keep it on my desk." **A.J.**

NAOMI KALTMAN (DUFF)

Jokes

Got a knee-slapper? Send it to **jokes@Maxim.com**.

From Here to Eternity

An ant and an elephant share a night of romance. The next morning the ant wakes up and finds the elephant dead.

"Damn it," says the ant. "One evening of passion and I spend the rest of my life digging a fuckin' grave."

Inked Well

A husband comes home and tells his wife he's going to get a tattoo of a $100 bill on his penis.

His wife asks him why he would do such an idiotic thing.

"Well," he says, "I like to play with my money. I like to see my money grow. And if you feel the need to blow $100, you won't have to go to the mall."

Fowl Play

A waiter asks a diner, "May I take your order, sir?"

"Yes," the man replies. "I'm just wondering how exactly you prepare your chickens."

"Nothing special, sir. We just tell them straight out that they're going to die."

Lovesick

"Doctor, won't you please kiss me?" asks the patient.

"No. You're a very beautiful woman, but it's against my code of ethics," replies her doctor.

"Please, doctor, just one kiss," she pleads.

"Sorry," says the doctor. "It's totally out of the question. I shouldn't even be fucking you."

A Prayer for the Dying

One day in the nursing home, 85-year-old Mr. Smith goes up to a nurse and says, "My penis died."

Deciding to humor him, the nurse says, "Oh, poor baby. I'm sorry to hear that."

Two days later the nurse is making her rounds and sees the old man wandering the halls with his genitals hanging out.

"Mr. Smith!" she cries. "I thought you told me your penis had died!"

"It did," he says. "Today's the viewing."

Respect Your Elders

A small boy gets lost at a large shopping mall. He approaches a uniformed policeman and says, "Excuse me, officer, but I've lost my grandpa!"

The cop asks, "What's he like?"

The little boy hesitates for a moment and then replies, "Peppermint schnapps and women with low self-esteem."

Q: What did the grain of wheat say the second it hit the silo?
A: "I've been reaped! I've been reaped!"

The Long and Short of It

One morning in the office, a man mentions to a coworker that her hair smells nice today. The woman suddenly grows enraged, storms into her supervisor's office, and declares loudly that she's quitting and has decided to file a sexual harassment suit.

"Come on," says the supervisor. "What's wrong with a guy saying your hair smells nice?"

"He's a fucking midget!"

Missing in Action

A drunk stumbles out of a bar with a key in his hand.

A cop sees him and says, "Can I help you, sir?"

"Yes! Somebody stole my car."

The cop asks, "Where was your car the last time you saw it?"

"It was on the end of this key," says the man. The cop looks down and notices that the man's penis is hanging out of his fly.

"Sir, are you aware that you are exposing yourself?" the cop says.

Confused, the drunk looks down at his crotch and says, "My girlfriend's gone, too!"

Cutting the Line

A man says to his doctor, "I'm thinking of getting a vasectomy."

"That's a big decision," says the doctor. "Have you talked it over with your family?"

"Yeah," says the man. "They're in favor of it, 15 to seven."

Q: How do you know if you're really ugly?
A: Dogs close their eyes when humping your leg.

Tricky Dick

Two guys feel like a drink but only have a buck between them, so one runs to a deli and buys a hot dog.

"Follow my lead," he says as they go into a bar and order two shots. "When I stick the hot dog through my fly, get on your knees and suck it," he says. "We'll get kicked out."

His pal plays along, and sure enough they get tossed. Then they use the trick at five more bars.

"I'm done," says the second guy. "My knees ache, and I'm starving."

"Not me," says the other guy. "I ate that hot dog three bars ago."

BEAT THIS CAPTION!

"And that's where the Hamburglar went down in a hail of bullets."

TO ENTER

1. Inundate the Net with witty one-liners at Maxim.com/contests. For complete rules, see Maxim.com.
2. Once we anoint the kookiest caption, we'll send the winner a room-rocking iPod dock!
3. Give your wrist a much-needed rest and go to Maxim.com to see if your caption has won out among the tens (literally, tens!) of competitors' entries.

ILLUSTRATION, TOM COCOTOS

INCOMING

{IF IT'S OUT THERE, IT'S IN HERE}

MY FIRST TIME

Gina Carano

Not a day goes by without thousands of psycho MMA fans typing the name Gina Carano into an image search engine. The undefeated cage fighter is as gorgeous as she is lethal. (Ask any of her opponents' bloodied noses if you don't believe us.) We asked the one-time American Gladiator "Crush" about her gut-crushing firsts. Then we ducked.

First Quickie
My first MMA fight was with this girl who shouldn't have been in the cage with me. I ground and pounded her in 39 seconds. It was a good feeling, sure, but you train your butt off for so long, then it only lasts 39 seconds? Kind of like your other first time.

First Use of Oversize Toiletries
On *American Gladiators*, I got to pummel a lot of people off a pyramid with a giant Q-tip. It was so much fun to wrestle people with no risk of getting knocked out or choked out.

First Kiss
It was in the seventh grade by the horse corrals. It didn't smell good, but it was a good kiss.

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE SHAW

First Time Playing Bodyguard
I was at one of those stupid parties where people don't know each other, and all of a sudden a fight broke out. I jumped in because my boyfriend was getting his face kicked in. I think it's cool for a guy to know a girl has his back.

First Blood Drawn
The first time I ever sparred, I bloodied three girls' noses. They were mad. I didn't get it, though—I thought that was the point! After that I wasn't allowed to spar with girls, so I started sparring with guys. That's all I train with now.—*Alison Rosen*

"My first MMA fight was with a girl who shouldn't have been in the cage with me. I ground and pounded her in 39 seconds."

Enrico Coveri
swimsuit

Kristin Kreuk
The former *Smallville* sexpot kicks serious ass in *Street Fighter: The Legend of Chun-Li,* based on the chop-socky video game. But, truth be told, we'd take a spinning back kick to the face just to get close enough to her to say hi.

4

EcoSmart Zeta Fireplace
This stainless-steel, ethanol-fueled flame box doesn't require a flue, chimney, or kindling, and it can make your intensely boring apartment instantly more awesome. Bearskin rug sold separately.
$11,500, ecosmartfire.com

THE COUNTDOWN

Five amazing, cool, and genuinely lustworthy things we're obsessed with in March.

3

PassiveAggressive Notes.com
If you enjoy reading the hilariously angry missives taped to your office fridge, bookmark this site. Then go back to eating that a-hole in accounting's Kung Pao chicken (with your hands).

2

Converse 1HUND(RED) Artists: The Edge
The beanie-wearing U2 guitarist designed these loud and proud limited-edition All-Stars. Really!
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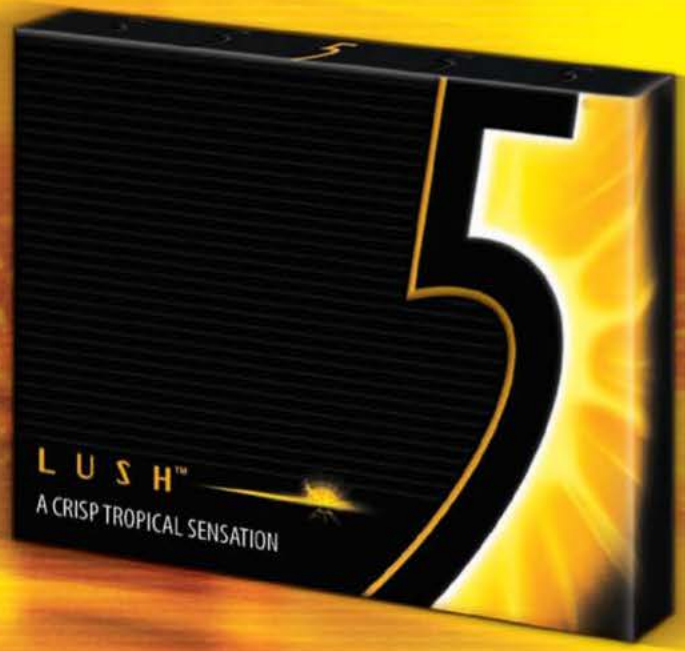
1

Resident Evil 5
Zombie-slaying superhero Chris Redfield returns to re-dead the undead on Xbox 360 and PlayStation 3 in the fifth brain-eating installment of this killer splatterfest. Gaming chair, prepare to meld to our body!

GINA CARANO: STYLING, VANESSA GELDBACH FOR PHOTOGENICS; MAKEUP, HIROMI INOKO USING MAC FOR EXCLUSIVE ARTISTS; HAIR, JONATHAN HANOUSEK USING KERASTASE FOR EXCLUSIVE ARTISTS; PROP STYLING, DAVID ROSS FOR ARTMIXBEAUTY.COM

Ever tried bodysurfing a tropical tidal wave?



Ever tried 5 Gum?

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It was a touching farewell.

Conan's Bear Speaks!

Late Night's self-massaging mammal takes a moment to contemplate leaving the Big Apple and heading west.

Hi, me a bear. Me a bear who live here in New York City for more than 15 years, but it's time to go. You see, me work for the lanky talk-show host Conan O'Brien. Me real name is Lance, but Conan calls me "The Masturbating Bear" because no matter what is happening, me can't resist irresistible urge to paw at me pud with the same vigor most bears save for tearing the arms off of hikers. Speaking of which, hold on...Me typing with one paw while me other paw retracts its claws and snakes its way into me diaper! Time to wake the li'l grizzly out of hibernation! Me thinking of Goldilocks right now! Me want to toss porridge in her bowl! Oh, yes! Oh, *yes*!

OK, me back now. So Conan is taking over *The Tonight Show*—which means me have to drag me prodigious sack cross-country to spill me honey pot all over Hollywood and Scientology compounds. I know what you think: *Oh, poor Lance. He has to leave brutal East Coast winters so he can spank his salmon on West Coast TV. Boohoo for him.* Well, guess what? Me no want to leave New York! As me dad once told me, "There's no better town for a bear that is brown, to beat his hot dog and shoot mustard around." But go me must. Wait a minute...Me just got *great* idea!

OK, me back. Guess what me just did? If you guessed "went to bathroom to masturbate," you were right! Oh, man, me bust me berries like nobody's business! Me even black out for a second, like that dude from INXS who like autoerotic asphyxiation! He die—not me! *Me* the best!

But anyway, me have fondle memories of the Big Apple. Me get to masturbate on TV 52 times! No one masturbate on TV more than me. (Me know what you're thinking, but Barbara Walters doesn't count.) Yogi, the Care Bears, Teddy Ruxpin—none had the courage to do what me did. Me a star!

OK, me say goodbye now. Me bag is packed and...Wait!...If me bag is packed, that means me bag is full, and if me bag is full, then it must be emptied! Claws retracting. Must...empty...bag. Oh, yes! Good bear! Pound on me panda! Thanks for watching, and tune in June 1, when Conan and me make big splash on *The Tonight Show*!

#16 IN A SERIES

Bacon Porn

Hog heaven every month!

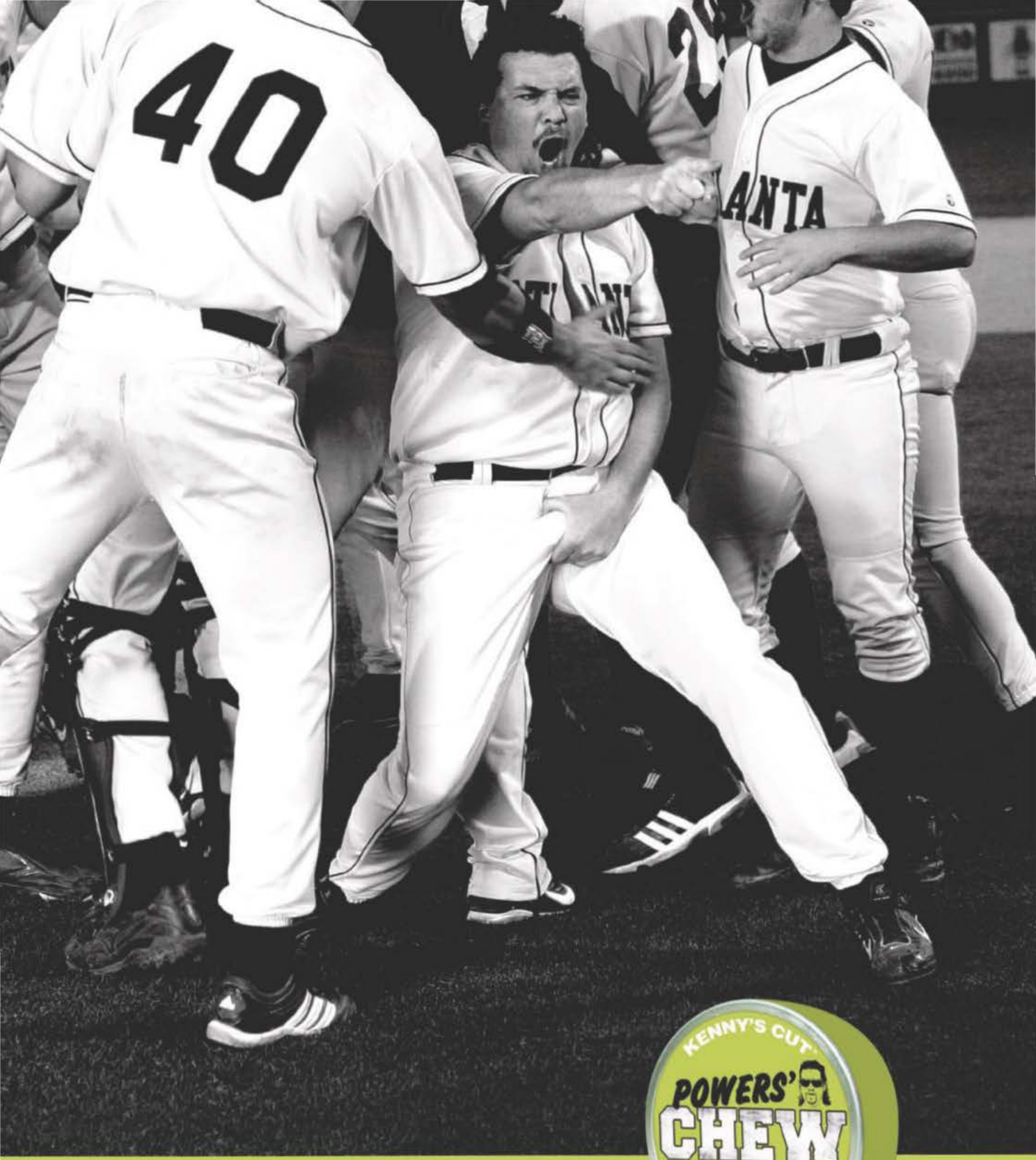
Usually our mailbox is filled with unpaid-alimony bills and failure-to-appear notices. So imagine our glee when we finally ponied up for the Bacon of the Month Club, which sends shrink-wrapped love from America's finest artisanal bacon makers for 12 mouthwatering months. And you get a free plastic pig snout to wear when the cops show up! *$315, gratefulpalate.com*

BIG NUMBER

2

Times more likely bees injected with cocaine by scientists are to break into a spontaneous "waggle dance" than sober bees. This may explain the shirtless editor break-dancing at our last office outing. Cough...*Chris Wilson*...cough!

PHOTO-ILLUSTRATION, HIROKI TADA!



"I SPIT IT.
YOU SUCK IT."

-Kenny Powers
#55

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Porn to Be Mild

Director Steven Soderbergh cast porn star Sasha Grey (right) as the lead in *The Girlfriend Experience*, but can she really go from XXX shame to mainstream fame? Here's how other adult stars have fared.

Ron Jeremy
"The Hedgehog" beefed up roughly 1,900 pornos and appeared in *Poultrygeist: Night of the Chicken Dead.* Recently launched line of hot sauce. Cries himself to sleep at night.

Katie Morgan
Helium-voiced star of HBO's *Porn 101* and *Katie Morgan on Sex Toys* played herself on *Entourage.* Appeared in Kevin Smith's *Zack and Miri Make a Porno.* Quit the adult biz to "focus on the mainstream."

Jenna Jameson
Undisputed queen of porn sold ClubJenna, her $30-million-a-year production company, and no longer has sex on-screen. Having ex-UFC champ Tito Ortiz's twins. Good luck in high school, kids!

Paris Hilton
Internet sex video transformed heir mattress into ultra-famous pop culture phenom. Lords over gazillion-dollar branding empire. Set to star in weirdo indie director Todd Solondz's sequel to *Happiness.*

Sly Stallone
Mush-mouthed action icon kicked off his career playing Stud in the 1970 porno *The Party at Kitty and Stud's.* Was further debased by *Golden Girls* star Estelle Getty in 1992's *Stop! Or My Mom Will Shoot.*

LEVEL OF MAINSTREAM SUCCESS

TRENDSTOPPING

Bathroom Attendants

Let's flush these annoying toilet trolls.

Oh, hey there, bathroom attendant. Yeah, I'm just gonna use the urinal. I can flush it myself, thanks. I can turn the faucet on, too. Just gonna wash my hands! Yep, I'm already pumping the soap. Uh, thanks for the paper towel. You don't miss anything, huh? I'm good on mints. And I don't want any cologne. Listen, I'm gonna go back out there and hold my booze until my bladder bursts so I don't have to do this again. But here's a couple bucks anyway. Have a good night.

The Mighty Ducks' intermission show always managed to disappoint.

Zen of the Zamboni

You can learn a lot from a man who drives around a hockey rink in circles. Some icy life lessons.

Remain calm.
"People don't like it when they have to wait to skate. I've had people screaming at me, throwing beer bottles," says 52-year-old Dave Meltzer, head Zamboni driver at New York City's Wollman Rink. "A homeless guy once threw 15 pennies on the rink. He must have been ex-Zamboni, because pennies get warm in the pocket and melt in the ice. You have to dig them out by hand."

Ladies like it big.
"I've been doing this for 30 years," says Meltzer. "I took a few ladies to the rink when I was younger. It was pretty cool; it really impresses them to know you drive one. And it's a good pickup line: 'Hey, let's go to the rink and take a spin.' But I never let them drive."

Get young people greasy.
"I'm training younger guys all the time. It's a big machine, and it's an expensive machine. It's not easy. And this is just like a baseball team—the rookies go through their hazing. I'm not cleaning and greasing those things every day."

Know your limits.
"In a way there's a fraternity of drivers. There's not a whole lot of us around, and it's pretty specialized," says Meltzer. "Most of the guys I'm working with here are pretty young, so they'll all go out and get drinks together. But I don't party like that anymore."—*Jesse Brukman*

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The "three for a dollar" special did little for their self-esteem.

WHERE ON THE PLANET WOULD MY DOLLAR GO THE FURTHEST?

Rick Kennedy, Santa Fe, NM

"Asunción has remained the cheapest city in the Cost of Living rankings since 2003," notes Mags Andersen of Mercer, a human resource consulting service, whose annual rankings determine the most (and least) expensive places for expatriates. So where is this dream city? Asunción is the capital of the South American nation Paraguay. While Paraguay is a deeply troubled place—they once fought a war that killed two thirds of their adult males—you can live well for a mere $300 a month (including housing, utilities, food, transportation, and other miscellaneous expenses). Book your flights now!

WILL EATING TAPEWORMS HELP ME LOSE WEIGHT?

Francis Glover, Pittsburgh, PA

Lucky for fat, lazy do-nothings like yourself, Frank, there are plenty of fad weight-loss methods out there. Few are more intriguing—or disgusting—than the "tapeworm diet." The theory is that the tapeworm causes you to lose weight by preventing your intestine from absorbing food; then, once you're looking fit and trim, you take medicine to kill the damn thing. So does it work? Sort of! You will lose weight, but the slimy critters leave eggs that have an unfortunate tendency to escape your intestines and form cysts in other organs, where they cause fever, infections, and, should they reach your brain, seizures. Bummer! So you just might wanna give that Billy Blanks workout tape one more try.

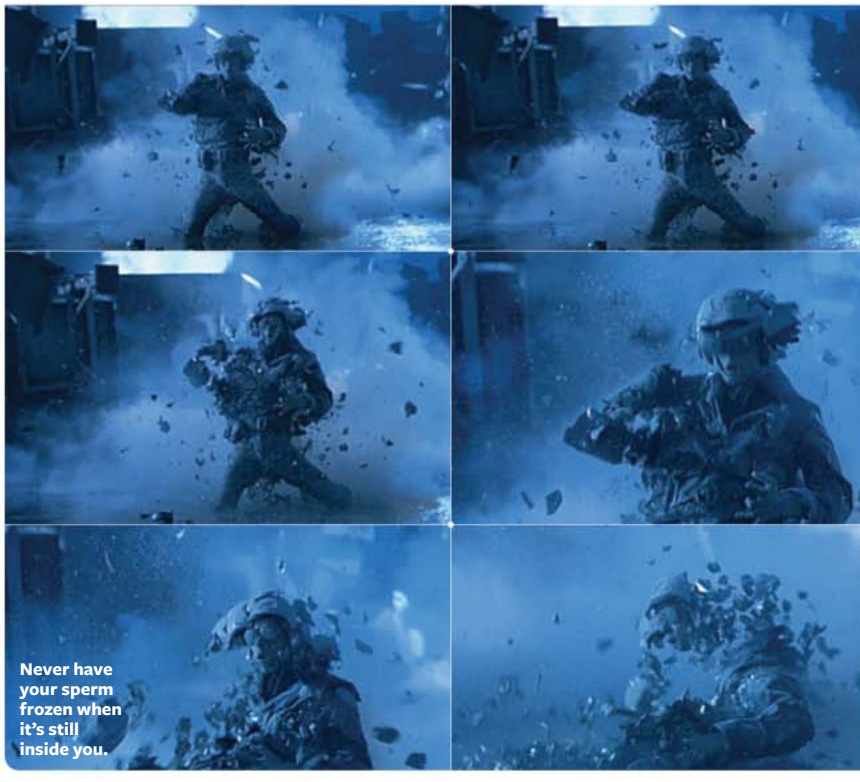
"Mom, I don't think this is licorice."

"Fucking geese!"

WHAT'S THE SAFEST SEAT ON A PLANE?

Steven Lawkowski, Albany, NY

"Safest" might be stretching it, unless you're talking about a once-in-a-lifetime "miracle on the Hudson." "All crashes are different, and there's no way to prepare for one based on your seat," says Matt Daimler, founder of seatguru.com. But in 2007 the nerds at *Popular Mechanics* studied every commercial jet crash in the U.S. since 1971 that had fatalities and survivors. *PM* found that passengers near the tail are 40 percent more likely to survive than those in first class. Great, but being "alive" isn't worth sitting near the bathrooms while someone furiously pounds out his membership in the "solo mile-high club." We mean you, *Popular Mechanics* staffers!



Never have your sperm frozen when it's still inside you.

COULD MY HAND SHATTER LIKE GLASS IF I DIPPED IT IN LIQUID NITROGEN?

Ryan Halpern, Ann Arbor, MI

At -320°F (-196°C), liquid nitrogen is colder than Ann Coulter stamping passports at the U.S.-Mexico border. It's primarily used as an industrial refrigerant: transporting perishables, freezing broken water pipes so plumbers can service them without getting soaked, preserving medical samples—nothing too glamorous, really, unless you're into frozen sperm. In college labs wild-eyed professors do science tricks with liquid nitrogen. "You could dip your finger for a very short time with no ill effects," says Jim Peploski, professor of chemistry at Clarkson University. "The skin's warmth causes liquid nitrogen to boil rapidly, surrounding the finger with a pocket of nitrogen gas." And if you leave those fingers submerged more than a quick second? "Prolonged exposure would cause the interconnecting tissue, skin, and bones to freeze solid," says Peploski. "The hand would be like a frozen pork chop; it probably wouldn't shatter like glass, but you could use it as a good, sturdy club."

2 GUYS. 300 GIRLS.
YOU DO THE MATH.

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PAGE 30 MUSIC DECEMBERISTS CHILL OUT
PAGE 30 TV TURN ON *FRIDAY NIGHT LIGHTS*
PAGE 32 MOST WANTED MAGGIE GRACE GETS *TAKEN*
PAGE 34 24 HOURS R.I.P., JOHNNY KNOXVILLE
PAGE 36 3/6/9 *BRUNO* AND *G.I. JOE* ARE COMIN'

One to Watch

The man behind *300* takes on the most ambitious comic book ever.

Executives at Warner Bros. had no idea what they were dealing with when they began to slap together a big-screen adaptation of Alan Moore's seminal 1980s graphic novel, *Watchmen*. Luckily, the suits happened to hire a devotee in *300* director Zack Snyder. "They called and said nonchalantly, 'Would you like to direct this superhero movie *Watchmen*?'" recalls Snyder. "They didn't give a rat's ass. But as a fan, I had to *try* to do *Watchmen* justice."

Considering Moore's 400-plus-page tome is one of the most influential, genre-busting graphic novels of all time, keeping the source material intact was top priority for Snyder. Set amid the Cold War paranoia of 1985, *Watchmen* follows—with backstories upon side plots—a retired superhero team that is mysteriously being killed off. Initially, the studio planned a reimagining that updated *Watchmen*'s universe into more relatable Iraq war times. "I shook the execs' hands," says Snyder, "then went off and wrote the script exactly as it was in the comic. They weren't happy."

Snyder's $71 million opening weekend for *300*, however, gave the studio the confidence to flash a green light. Two years later he just may have pulled off something other A-list directors could not over the project's 20-year development: translating *Watchmen* into a feature-length spectacle. Such an ambitious superhero film was once too risky, but thanks to *The Dark Knight*, taking caped crusaders seriously—with such human foibles as obsession and impotence—is no longer taboo. "This isn't for kids," warns Snyder of scenes that earned *Watchmen*'s R rating. "*The Dark Knight* is dark, sure, but not being able to get an erection around a sexy girl because you don't have your hero suit on? *That* is dark."—*Matt Barone*

Watchmen hits theaters everywhere on March 6.

There can be just one winner in an ironic beard-growing contest.

Portland Trailblazers

The Decemberists expand the sound of indie rock on their latest.

How does Decemberists singer-songwriter Colin Meloy describe *The Hazards of Love*, an album he believes to be the culmination of his highest ambitions? "It's a violent vomiting," he laughs. The leader of this Portland, Oregon–based alt-rock fivesome—you might remember their 2006 on-air "guitar duel" with Stephen Colbert—has mighty ambitions indeed. Originally conceived as a musical, the band's fifth disc, Meloy says, combines "all this stuff that's been in my head for the past four years": interconnected song suites, grand storytelling, and an obsession with "British, Irish, and Scottish folk songs." While it could be described as a twee rock opera, its influences also include Black Sabbath and Blue Cheer, so it's a seriously ballsy twee rock opera.

As indie rock's most hyperliterate band, the Decemberists do not merely spew out songs. *Hazards* is made up of overlapping story lines that involve a pair of lovers, a queen, and a murderous rake. "I've viewed the project," Meloy says, "as one long piece," albeit one with intense shifts from folky ballads like "Isn't It a Lovely Night" to ultra-heavy excursions like "The Wanting Comes in Waves/Repaid." Although Meloy grew up with no affection for metal, it's the crashing guitars that lend the album its theatrical drama. Don't expect any theater when the Decemberists bring the album to the stage, however: "At most we'll have some nifty flashing lights."—*Nick Catucci*

Whistle Blower

Friday Night Lights' Kyle Chandler on why to watch the best season yet of TV's biggest underdog.

Because in Texas football is God
"Their culture is a fine balance between religion and football. I've never seen such massive stadiums for high school games. Pilots say that if they forget it's a Friday, they're reminded when flying over Texas—stadiums are lit up *everywhere*."

Because the actors keep it real
"Most of the actors are athletes. They want to go in for the big hits, but I think it's a bravado thing: They go out there knowing they'll get kicked off."

Because he can get carried away
"On one of the first days of rehearsals, I was told to yell at the guys. It took maybe five minutes, but then they had to tell me to shut up, because I enjoyed it. I was just screaming, 'Get your lazy asses out here!' It was fun."—*Maria Fontoura*

Season 3 of *FNL* airs Fridays at 9 P.M. on NBC.

He has the combo to your heart.

Film Checkup

Sorting through the cinematic heap.

	Girls gone wild	A Hard Day's Night lite	Unnatural perkiness	Boys will be girls	Eye-candy alert!	Too close for comfort	Our Take
Fired Up Two football all-Americans ditch their pads for pom-poms when they head to cheerleading camp.	✓		✓	✓	✓		This madcap romp proves there's always a place in cinema for horny teens trying to get laid...*and* for pyramids of bendy young ladies.
Street Fighter: The Legend of Chun-Li Ex-*Smallville*r Kristin Kreuk plays the video-game vixen on a (sexy) revenge mission.	✓				✓		Kreuk is kind of Asian. Sort of. We're not sticklers for accuracy, but no yoga flames? No Ryu or Ken? Let's hope the Hadokens can save this one.
Jonas Bros 3D Disney's darling virgins take their alleged band to the stage—with a cameo by Southern belle Taylor Swift.	✓	✓	✓	✓	✗	✓	Kevin, Joe, and Nick in *three* dimensions? That's at least two more dimensions than their tween-bait "music" has to offer. Oh, yes, we did!
All About Steve Nerdy Sandra Bullock falls madly in love with a "CCN" cameraman after only one date...then stalks him.			✓			✓	We're guessing Bullock's quirky yet lovable personality will win over not only the camera dude but also your girlfriend. Endearing!

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Maggie Grace

The former *Lost* beauty finds her place on the big screen in *Taken*.

Tough to know what's worse—being marooned on a spooky island or getting kidnapped and forced into the sex slave trade. After lead roles in both ABC's enigmatic smash *Lost* and this month's action thriller *Taken*, Maggie Grace has a pretty good idea. "My character in *Taken* is wholly unprepared for the situation she's thrust into," she declares. The daughter of a retired Secret Service agent played by Liam Neeson, Maggie's character, Kim, gets snatched by a group of baddies while vacationing in France. Daddy then has to pull out all his old tricks to rescue her.

As for the Oscar-nominated Irishman playing her protective pop, audiences can expect more Rob Roy than Oskar Schindler. "Liam makes such a great action hero," Maggie explains. "He kicks some serious butt!" There's more to *Taken* than just hard-hitting action, however. "My favorite part," she says, "is the gradual reclamation of her relationship with her father." Tons of explosions *and* unresolved daddy issues? We're sold!

While times may have been tough for her character, Maggie had a blast on location in France. *Taken* was her first film shot in Europe, so her role as a wide-eyed innocent teen wasn't too much of a stretch. "To shoot in Paris was a dream," she says. "But there was a 'lost in translation' moment when I was mistaken for a high-class prostitute," she laughs. "I was in a parked car, and a few guys started leering at me. One of them asked, 'How much?' At that point I discovered I was practically fluent in French... when it comes to cursing."—*Jesse Brukman*

Taken is in theaters now.

NAOMI KALTMAN/CORBIS OUTLINE

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Johnny Knoxville

The world's biggest jackass and star of MTV's *Nitro Circus* finally gets what's coming to him.

SO HOW DO YOU WANT TO GO?
Definitely not like silent film star Marie Prevost. She died alone in her apartment, and no one found her or her little dachshund for two weeks. Luckily, the little doggy ate Mary's decomposing body to stay alive.

WHAT CAREER MOVE IS SENDING YOU STRAIGHT TO HELL? *THE RINGER*?
Definitely not *The Ringer*, you bastard—that was actually a sweet movie. *Jackass the Movie* and *Jackass Number Two* I ain't so sure about, but at least if those films send me to hell, I will have the eight other *Jackass* fellas there with me.

WHAT STUNT SHOULD HAVE KILLED YOU?
I have almost bit it on a number of occasions, but the "Big Red Rocket" stunt in *Number Two*, definitely. I was riding it, but the fucking thing exploded on the launch pad and shot foot-long metal rods out everywhere. Any of them could have split me in half.

WAS THERE ANYONE ON EARTH YOU WANTED TO PUNCH IN THE FACE?
If there has been anyone I have ever wanted to punch, they got punched. And then, of course, they beat me half to hell in return.

NAME ONE THING YOU'RE GLAD YOU'LL NEVER HAVE TO DO AGAIN ON EARTH.
Wax Steve-O's balls. That was just horrible. It almost turned me off of balls altogether.

WHAT IS YOUR PROUDEST ACCOMPLISHMENT?
Coining the word "gooch." For those of you who don't know, on a guy it's the spot between the balls and the butthole, and on a girl it's the spot between the grrr-gina and the butthole. I hope someday the word will make it into Webster's dictionary. *[Editor's note: Mr. Knoxville seems unaware that this region is already known as the "taint."]*

WHAT IS YOUR BIGGEST REGRET?
I don't know. I filmed most of 'em.

WHAT ARE PEOPLE SAYING OVER YOUR CASKET?
"Check his pockets for booze and pills." "I already did." "Well, did he have any?" "Put out your hand, put out your hand!"

Nitro Circus, the latest display of Johnny's antics, airs Sundays at 10 P.M. on MTV. Also, check jackassworld.com.

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The Future of Pop Culture

Filed and sorted for your anticipatory pleasure.

3 MONTHS

Untitled Bruno Project

Sacha Baron Cohen's über-gay Austrian TV host is comin' to theaters. While there's little chance it'll be a *Borat*-size smash, it'll still be funnier than, well, just about everything. Ya!

Wi-Fi on Delta

World of Warcraft and fantasy sports addicts alike will certainly be in the full, upright position when Delta enables wi-fi access on all their domestic flights.

New Pornographers Album

The indie rockers are ditching slow tunes on this untitled fifth album. Says frontman Carl Newman, "On our last album, we moved as far in that direction as we can go." Rock on!

6 MONTHS

G.I. Joe: Rise of Cobra

In this *long*-awaited movie adaptation, G.I. Joe takes on the Cobra Organization. Can Sienna Miller in a cat suit make up for the expected *Transformers*-like wooden dialogue?

John Mayer Variety Show

Jennifer Aniston's better half is resurrecting the classic '70s format for CBS. Expect the program to include soft rock, overwrought pranks, and uninformed political rants.

Beijing Great Wheel

Beijing is about to beat out Singapore for bragging rights to the world's tallest Ferris wheel. After a ride on this monster, the local Twirl-a-Ride will never be the same.

9 MONTHS

The Fantastic Mr. Fox

King of quirk Wes Anderson is taking on this stop-motion animated adaptation of equally oddball writer Roald Dahl's novel. Will the auteur be outside his stylistic comfort zone?

Halo 3: ODST

Instead of playing as Master Chief as in previous versions, step into the shoes of an "Orbital Drop Shock Trooper" in the latest installment of Earth's hugest game.

Will & Grace Spin-off

Sassy sidekicks Jack and Karen reunite for the cleverly titled, not-so-anticipated *Jack and Karen*. We say the avalanche of gay and booze jokes just won't be enough to save this one.

WHAT'S YOUR ROOT BEER
O-FACE?
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Three-O
ROOT BEER
ROOT BEER
Three Olives
VODKA
ROOT BEER
FLAVORED VODKA
MADE WITH IMPORTED VODKA FROM ENGLAND AND NATURAL FLAVOR
35% ALC/VOL (70 PROOF) 750 ML
Three-O™
VODKA
SERIOUSLY FUN IMPORTED ROOT BEER VODKA
Ask your bartender for a shockingly delicious Three-O™ Root Beer and Cola.
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INTRODUCING LIVE WIRE.

BODY WASH. MOISTURIZER. STRIPED TOGETHER. IT'S TWO PRODUCTS IN ONE AWESOME PRODUCT.

BODY WASH

MOISTURIZER

Old Spice

STUFF

{FILL YOUR INNER EMP WITH MATERIAL GOODS}

Naked Punch

Ducati builds its meanest, leanest street ride ever.

Most "naked" production motorcycles (stripped-down bikes without fairings) are built to go fast in a straight line and make you look good dragging on a cigarette in the parking lot. But try dragging a knee on one and you'll see performance isn't their strong suit. That might change this spring when Ducati drops its brand-spankin'-new Streetfighter, a lightweight street bike with track-killing cred. On top of the obvious—an angry 155 hp twin-cylinder engine plucked out of Ducati's 1098 superbike—this undressed, trellis-framed work of chiseled metal and carbon fiber also hides some high-tech developments that'll really pop your wheelie. Check it:

SPEC CHECK
MSRP: $14,995/$18,995 for the S model
Engine: 1098 L-twin cylinder, four-valve-per-cylinder Desmodromic liquid-cooled 1099 cc Testastretta Evoluzione engine
0–60: 2.7 seconds
Estimated top speed: Undisclosed

1 Get a Grip
With immense power between your legs, you'd better have a backup plan: traction control! Unlike the tech that keeps you from doing donuts in a rental car, the eight-way adjustable system on the S model lets you fine-tune your sliding like Al Roker on a luge track.

2 Sweet Memories
Track-day geeks, unite: Not only does the Streetfighter keep tabs on your every move via a computer that records speed, rpm, and gear selection, it also remembers when and where traction control kicked in so you can accurately measure your manhood.

3 Not-So-Heavy Metal
Anyone can strip a fairing off a sport bike, but few can trim an already muscular body into Olympic shape. At 368 pounds dry, the Streetfighter boasts the highest power-to-weight ratio of any naked bike. Now, about your paunch...—*Basem Wasef*

1 Adidas TS Bounce Commander Kevin Garnett
Underneath its Velcro midfoot strap is printed the Celtics full 2008–09 schedule for easy reference; once the season's over, you can replace it with a picture of Robert Parish in short shorts. **$110**, *shopadidas.com*

2 Reebok Answer XII
To show off the performance gains from his new, well-ventilated signature kicks, Allen Iverson debuted the Answer XIIs in a game where he scored 25 and handed the Lakers their first loss of the season. Eat it, Kobe. **$100**, *champssports.com*

3 Nike Zoom Kobe IV
Nike's new Flywire technology uses thin strands of ultra-tough liquid crystal fiber to make these shoes incredibly light. You'll appreciate it when you're dropping 81 on the Raptors or losing to your eight-year-old nephew. **$125**, *nike.com*

4 Converse Wade Slash
Dwyane Wade's new lightweight speed shoe's built-in fit system is stable enough to help you drive to the hoop without breaking an ankle—even if you can't dunk when you get there. Lay-ups are cool, too, man. **$80**, *converse.com*

Hardwood Heroes

These all-star sneaks will improve your game of H-O-R-S-E by at least one letter.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SATOSHI

2009 St. Pauli Girl Spokesmodel Katarina Van Derham

www.stpauligirl.com

Enjoy responsibly.

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Buzz Machines

Swank up your kitchen and ball-bust the recession with a cool new coffee maker. Venti, stat!

The Barista Buster
The tattooed counter girl at your coffee shop is burning you, and it's not just the $5 lattes! We recommend shacking up with the **Nescafé Dolce Gusto**, a single-cup machine that likewise makes a killer cup but won't give you STDs. The little coffee-bot serves a full drink menu, from espressos to Americanos to lattes. Stock up on Nescafé's proprietary pods and start slinging your own, son! *$170, dolce-gusto.com*

The Killer Shot
We give Francis Ford Coppola's latest creation, the **Francis Francis! x7**, two twitchy thumbs up. Even if you're still asleep, you'll be pulling perfect *crema*-topped espresso shots seconds after you roll out of bed, thanks to idiotproof design and high-pressure brewing. *$400, amazon.com*

The Purist
Control freak? Insufferable coffee geek? If you want the ideal cup, get a **Bodum Arabica thermal French press** and control brew time and temperature yourself. Its thermal double walls will keep your coffee hot as you contemplate perfection. Alone. *$90, williams-sonoma.com*

The Perfect Pot
Most standard drip machines tinkle water onto coffee grounds in a single stream, but the **Krups KM 4065** has what amounts to a showerhead inside to drench the grounds, ensuring that it's extracting every last sophisticated taste and caffeine molecule possible. *$100, amazon.com*

Totally Wired

Is your daily to-go cup o' joe really bringin' the caffeine?

Caffeine-O-Meter

Burger King
Even BK's amped-up 40 percent-more-caffeine "turbo" brew tests low.
11 mg./oz.

Dunkin' Donuts
You're just buzzing because you drank from a cup the size of a bucket.
12 mg./oz.

Tim Hortons
The donut shop's java is suitably mild, like the Canadian temperament!
14 mg./oz.

Caribou Coffee
The 'bou's brew makes trucker speed look tame. That's the stuff!
19 mg./oz.

Starbucks
A grande packs 330 milligrams of caffeine. Heart attack in a cup!
21 mg./oz.

MAIN PHOTOGRAPH BY NICK FERRARI

A Collector, He Is

Life on Mars star Jason O'Mara has a dark secret: He's a *Star Wars* figurine fanatic.

SO HOW DID YOU GET INTO COLLECTING *STAR WARS* FIGURES?
Star Wars blew my mind when I was five years old, so I started asking for them every Christmas and birthday. When I became a mature man of some means, I realized I could collect these things on a higher level.

MEANING?
I buy them on eBay or other online stores—they're preserved in quality acrylic—and then the Action Figure Authority grades the toys on a scale from 10 to 100. The higher the grade, the more they're worth.

WHOA. THIS IS HARDCORE NERDY.
Yeah, I'm a fucking nerd. This is Nerdsville.

DO YOU OWN ANY FIGURES THAT SCORED A 100?
No, but I have a Darth Vader that scored an 85 and is worth about $1,500. I have the first 12 figures ever released, and they're probably worth just under $10,000. It's crazy. I could have bought a car.

WHAT DOES YOUR WIFE THINK ABOUT THIS?
She kind of puts up with it, but she isn't happy about it. During this shoot, the photographer tried to talk me into wearing a Jedi tunic, but I told him if I did that there would be no chance of me ever having sexual intercourse with my wife again.

HAVE YOU EVER MET GEORGE LUCAS?
No, but I sat in the front row when he introduced a screening of *The Phantom Menace*. I could smell his breath.

AND WHAT DOES GEORGE LUCAS' BREATH SMELL LIKE?
Ewoks. He was also wearing these lovely little cowboy boots.—*Alison Prato*

Life on Mars airs Wednesdays at 10 P.M. on ABC.

Yes, Tatooine is hot, but it's a *dry* heat.

GROOMING, SARAH POTEMPA FOR THE WALL GROUP; DESERT PHOTOGRAPHS, TIM GRAHAM/GETTY IMAGES; ISTOCKPHOTO

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARIUS BUGGE

On second thought, only two of these are worth saving.

Maxim Saves Sports!

Our 12-step program for fixing everything wrong with your favorite ball-centric contests.

1. Legalize steroids.
What is cheating? When Tiger Woods gets LASIK eye surgery that improves his vision beyond 20-20? When a teenage pitcher volunteers to have Tommy John surgery, speeding up his fastball by a few mph? Not everyone is born with perfect vision or a bionic arm or, for that matter, 4.2 speed in the 40. But what we as fans want to see above all is excellence, so if athletes want to get bigger, faster, and stronger... sweet! For decades steroids have been used—safely—to treat wasting diseases. If jocks could shoot their shit under the supervision of doctors in hospitals, instead of Jose Canseco in a Port-O-John, fans would get their home runs, quarterbacks could come back from broken sternums in two weeks, and, best of all, there'd be no more murder-suicides, strange overdoses, and bullet-ridden offensive linemen.

Worried about the kids? As Charles Barkley said, "I am not a role model." (That's our second favorite quote from Sir Charles, after "You want the truth? I was gonna drive around the corner and get a blow job.") Tell Junior to worship Snuggle, the fabric-softener teddy bear, instead, and shut the hell up.

2. Impose an asshole tax.
From Barry Bonds and John Rocker to Sean Avery and T.O., the world of pro sports has long been overrun with assholes. The solution? We propose the Stephon Marbury Tax, which will cap any and all assholish behavior. Work it like the NBA's luxury tax, with teams having to match dollar-for-dollar any league-imposed fine levied on one of their players: $20,000 for every DUI; $50,000 for skipped child support payments; $100,000 for every bullet fired into one's leg. The cash goes into escrow, and at the end of the season any team with a trouble-free roster gets a piece of the pie. Who knows? In a few years maybe even small-market clubs will be able to afford a few assholes of their own.

3. Shuffle the teams.
New Orleans is the birthplace of jazz. Salt Lake City is the birthplace of...a bunch of Mormons. So how does a city that charges membership fees for bars get the nickname Jazz for its NBA team, while N'awlins is stuck with the Hornets? Forget franchise relocations and let cities reclaim their rightful team names. Minneapolis—land of 10,000 lakes!—gets the Lakers back, freeing up Los Angeles to become the L.A. Acquitted Rapists. And why not send entire teams to more deserving cities? No, we're not talking about the Sonics moving to Oklahoma City; that was just messed up. On the other hand, L.A. hasn't had an NFL team in 15 years. Does East Rutherford, New Jersey need two? Sorry, Jets: No ring in four decades, no room. And if the Sunshine State's Marlins and Rays can't outdraw an early-bird special at Denny's, combine them and move the franchise to Vegas: "Raylins" sounds like a stripper's name, so the team will fit right in!

4. Let coaches play dress-up.
Some people look at Lou Piniella's gut hanging over his pinstriped pants or Bobby Cox and Jim Leyland (combined age: 437) in caps and jerseys and think it's silly that baseball managers wear their teams' uniforms. We say it doesn't go far enough! Coaches from all sports should be forced to squeeze into unis. Picture it: Bill Belichick stuffing his giant melon into a Pats helmet! Andy Reid battling for three hours to remove his jockstrap! Stan Van Gundy pairing his porn 'stache with baggy shorts and a Magic tank top! On second thought, let's limit it to one game per season. And we'd extend the rule to owners, but Jerry Jones' face already looks like it's wearing spandex.

5. No jocks allowed as TV color commentators without first passing a third-grade grammar test—a.k.a. the Emmitt Smith Rule.
Yes, No. 22 is the NFL's all-time leading rusher, but here are just a few of his barely cogent musings as an ESPN commentator:

"Brett Favre went into Dallas nine times and have a big goose egg."

PHOTO ILLUSTRATION ERIC HEINTZ

"And when defense felt my will, it was a total different game then."

"He gets the ball over to their third read than most quarterback can."

Tortured syntax is fine if you're Yoda, but not if you're making your living as a talking head.

6. Take golf out of the country club.

As the latter half of '08 proved, a Tiger-less golf tour is the sports equivalent of *Groundhog Day*: The competitors and the courses all look the same. So how about shaking things up by taking the tour off-road for a couple of tournaments a year? Give the players more dangerous obstacles than sand. *Ooooh, sand!* Imagine John Daly teeing off from the top of the Empire State Building, Phil Mickelson battling the heat of the Mojave Desert, or Sergio Garcia putting between the legs of a strung-out tranny on Santa Monica Boulevard. And all the players should be forced to wear old-timey golf clothes like breeches and tam-o'-shanters. Fore!

7. Ban ex-athletes from reality TV.

We've seen Clyde Drexler dancing and Jose Canseco wearing lingerie. We're done.

8. Bring America a road race.

Turning left for hours is fantastic. No, really. We Americans love our hillbilly highway chases to the tune of $3 billion a year. Too bad stock car racing is unequivocally the most boring form of driving on the planet. While we watch on TV and pray for a wreck, the rest of the world is inhaling the exhaust of the best driving in the world: Formula One. "If NASCAR is like flying a 747, F1 is like piloting the space shuttle," says Scott Speed, former F1 and current Sprint Cup NASCAR driver. Not only are F1 drivers in Ferraris and Porsches, as opposed to Chevys and Fords, but their tracks include enclosed street courses. We're talking rides whipping through the streets of Singapore and Monaco. How awesome would it be if once a year we closed down a few square miles of Manhattan and ran a street race past Bernie Madoff's front door? So awesome we might actually care who takes home the McDonald's, Blockbuster, Home Depot, and Frank's Auto Lube Cup next year.

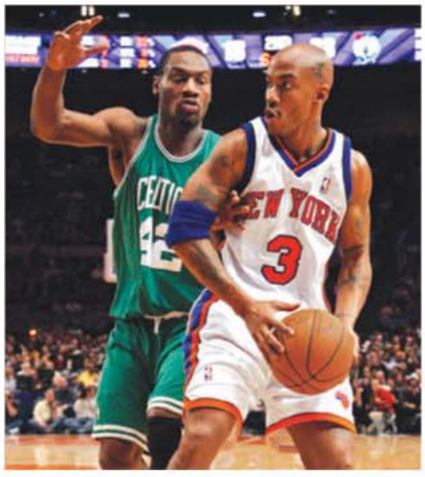
9. KO the sweet science.

How could something so beautifully simple—two men punch each other until one man loses consciousness—go so utterly to shit? "If you walk into a bar and ask, 'Who's the heavyweight champion of the world,' you'll get blank stares," notes ESPN boxing analyst Dan Rafael. "There are people who think it's still Mike Tyson." To save this village we must destroy it, so we're shutting down boxing for five years. Upon returning, only a single sanctioning body shall exist, so that when someone says he's a "world champion," he actually will be that (not just one of four palookas with shiny gold belts). To ensure being champ remains an impressive feat, the current 17 weight classes shall be reduced to three: heavyweight, middleweight, and scrappy little dude. The champ has to fight at least three times a year, with every other defense against the number one contender, who must earn his ranking by taking down established fighters. Finally, if at the beginning of your career we could understand what you were saying and now we can't, consider yourself retired. Sorry, Evander.

10. Give stadiums back to the fans.

Dream of sitting field-level in Yankee Stadium someday? Start saving now—it's gonna cost you $2,500. Per ticket. Per game. How about four 15th-row seats in Giants Stadium? Well, first you'll have to pay the personal seat license fee of $20,000 per seat and then the $28,000 your actual season tickets will cost. Welcome to the age of sports entertainment as anal rape! Of course, New York prices have always been ridiculous; the problem now is that the rest of the country is following suit. For example, the Dallas Cowboys' new home will feature field-level luxury suites along both *sidelines*.

So the average fan is being pushed out—and home-field advantage is potentially leaving right along with him. "From a PR perspective, I couldn't imagine a worse time to announce that your seats are going for $2,500 apiece," says sports economist Mark Rosentraub, Ph.D. Yeah, neither can we, which is why we'd bring back the days when those seats were filled with blue-collar, shirtless-in-28-degree-weather die-hards. Owners can make do by continuing to screw us over on cable fees, merchandise, and parking—just give us our damn seats back. And to those who require a Chinese foot rub or food service more upscale than a guy screaming "ice-cold beer!" to enjoy a game, we hope your friggin' country club has a nice TV.



Stephon Marbury (left) and Plaxico Burress (below) battle it out for the title of New York sports' biggest asshole.

11. Reboot the all-star games.

It's no secret that all-star games for the big three sports suck, each in its own uniquely sucky way. Baseball's midsummer classic goes on forever; the NBA's features the sloppiest play since *1 Night In Paris*; and as for football—if there's an all-star game in Honolulu and no one watches, does it make a sound? But there is hope. In 2008's slam dunk contest and home run derby, Dwight Howard and Josh Hamilton, respectively, put on two of the most jaw-dropping displays of athletic ability we can remember. And guess what? Jaw-dropping displays of athletic ability are *exactly* what we want to see! So scrap the games, or at least shake them up.

For baseball, have the two most popular players pick their ragtag squads sandlot-style, complete with all the hurt feelings and potential lifelong traumas that added an extra layer of drama to pickup games as a kid. In basketball, ditch the all-offense showboat-athon and stage a three-on-three half-court tournament. And we'd hate to strip the NFL's elite of an all-expenses-paid Hawaiian vacation, but why burden them with an actual game? Scrap it and turn the whole thing into one giant field day! Let wide receivers face off in an old-fashioned footrace. Have QBs gun it for the title of strongest arm. Hell, have linemen do battle in a sausage-eating contest! Which would you rather see: Ray Lewis not tackle someone for fear of pulling his hammy or Albert Haynesworth downing brat till he ralphs?

12. Save hockey!

We honestly have no idea what to do about hockey, except make it more like James Caan kicking ass and killing dudes in *Rollerball*. E-mail any suggestions to Commissioner Gary Bettman at iceman@hotpuckingaction.com. ●

BY DAVID KUSHNER

Mind Control, Inc.

How a new form of marketing that blurs fact and fiction is changing the rules—for better or worse.

At the same moment one October afternoon in 15 cities all over the country, shadowy men in black creep through the woods carrying green military bags. "*Now!*" barks their commander over their cell phones. The troops plant the bags at hidden locations, then speed away. Back in a Pasadena office, the commanders monitor the action. "Five down," says Alex Lieu, a gothy 34-year-old at the controls. "Ten more cities to go!"

It isn't a terrorist attack. Rather, it's part of an elaborate promotional campaign for the new alien warfare video game *Resistance 2*. Feverish fans are being lured into solving a mystery that reveals early clues about the game. As soon as a countdown clock on the *Resistance* Web site hits zero, they take down the GPS coordinates for the packages and race to retrieve them. Inside are dog tags with secret codes that allow users to unlock pieces of the game. Eager gamers find the first batch in minutes, then take to their iPhones and spread the viral buzz to other players around the world.

"My friend picked up the Chicago package, and there was a T-shirt and a civilian evacuation card," wrote a user named Kyle on a gamer forum. "I can't wait to see what it turns into."

As eyeballs scatter and attention spans shrink, Hollywood, Silicon Valley, and Madison Avenue are desperate to reach out to a generation weaned on the Web. Now brands from *The Dark Knight* to Nine Inch Nails are turning to a new strategy, one that combines viral videos, guerrilla hype, performance art, and scavenger hunts. And the small, secretive Hollywood start-up 42 Entertainment is at the forefront of this strange new hybrid, dubbed "alternate reality games," or ARGs. Some call it the future of marketing. Others deride it as insidious mind clutter. The rub: Unlike old-school advertising, ARGs suck people in and make an impact —often before they even know they are being targeted. "We're taking people into an alternate reality," says 42's CEO, Susan Bonds, "and the world is our platform."

Alternate reality games first hit the mainstream when Steven Spielberg asked Microsoft to create an online marketing campaign for his 2001 sci-fi flick, *A.I.* The job landed on the desk of Jordan Weisman, a former designer of virtual reality arcades for Disney. He found his inspiration in a variety of genre-blending pop culture sources, especially the Beatles, who left a cryptic trail of clues on album covers and in backward tracks suggesting that Paul McCartney was dead. "It was part mythical, part reality," Weisman says. "It's impossible to know how much of this was intentional. But to fans, searching for clues was its own reward." There were other antecedents, too: In the 1990s indie films like *The Blair Witch Project* and video games like *Doom* brought their own brand of home-brewed mythmaking to the Web.

Weisman called his *A.I.* campaign "The Beast" and ran it for three months leading up to the film's premiere. The Beast started simply enough, with a cryptic phone number included on movie posters and trailers. Callers later received e-mails with clues of a murder to solve. As they searched across Web sites and banded together in online forums, a larger, epic story of a robot war emerged, culminating in the payoff for the intrepid geeks: the movie, which tied the loose ends together and left them feeling clued in and ahead of the curve. The press loved it, Spielberg loved it, and the film was a success. In 2003 Weisman split from Disney and founded 42 Entertainment to create ARGs full-time.

For his top executives, Weisman found peers in his old stomping ground, the heart of the fantasy machine. Co-owner and chief creative officer Alex Lieu had been making Web sites for Disney; Bonds had been designing theme park rides for the entertainment conglomerate.

42 rarely opens its world to outsiders, but upon arrival its sun-dappled loft in Pasadena seems like any other family-style Tinseltown shingle. The privately owned firm employs a tight-knit crew of 25 artists, coders, writers, and producers who mill around their laptops and nibble on takeout Thai food. The company has no investors and, though it won't release revenues, says its campaigns run between $1 million and $5 million a pop.

Down the Rabbit Hole

Everyone at 42 bristles at the idea that what they're doing is marketing. "It's a new form of storytelling," Bonds insists. They see themselves as creating prequels to books, films, or games that play out in nontraditional ways. When tasked with creating an ARG for *The Dark Knight*, 42 lured fans into an interactive story that would connect the plots of the last two Batman flicks. The answer: Throw fans into what Bonds calls "real-time Gotham."

PHOTO-ILLUSTRATION, HIROKI TADA!

42 Entertainment's campaigns for *The Dark Knight* (above left) and Nine Inch Nails (above) immersed users in the strange new world of alternative reality gaming.

To introduce the movie's villain, 42 dispatched hundreds of people in Joker makeup to Comic-Con, the nexus of geek culture. But 42 didn't want to limit the hype to nerds, so they designed a high-concept election campaign to introduce the film's ambitious assistant D.A., Harvey Dent. 42 organized flash mobs who held campaign rallies virtually indistinguishable from the real thing. They plastered towns with Dent posters and *Gotham Times* newspapers, which included phone numbers and Web sites to call for more clues. The ultimate reward was an advance IMAX screening of the film.

Though 42's events generate plenty of hype, blurring the lines between fact and fiction can be a complicated endeavor, as 42 proved during its campaign for Nine Inch Nails' Orwellian album *Year Zero*. Trent Reznor, a self-described "big nerd," wanted to send fans down a rabbit hole into a dystopian society of conspiracy and governmental mind control. "I wanted to create a fictional world," he says. The campaign started in nightclub bathrooms, where 42 planted USB drives embedded with new NIN songs and links to "secret" government Web sites. While unraveling a fictional conspiracy as part of the campaign (and getting a sneak peek at the new album), 300 fans were lured to a deserted parking lot littered with dilapidated buses. With no clue as to what was happening, they were ushered inside, where 42's black-clad cronies made them sign waivers agreeing that they could be taken anywhere.

They were brought to a dark, abandoned warehouse and crammed into a small elevator—going down. When the doors opened, the die-hard fans were greeted by Nine Inch Nails onstage, launching into a private performance of the album. Halfway through the set, a SWAT team burst through the back door with sirens blaring, tossing flash bombs and roughing up the band. Trent Reznor was duly pleased. "I liked it because it didn't feel like marketing," he says. "It felt like creative people with the resources to do something cool and groundbreaking…It's as much of an art as the music." The publicity worked. "There's never been such an extensive or well-planned campaign involving a major pop release," wrote the *Los Angeles Times*.

Still, not everyone's a fan of ARGs and the 42 Entertainment approach. "I get concerned when people don't realize it's a game from the get-go," says Tom Hespos, president of New York's Underscore Marketing, an interactive media agency. "You run into issues of authenticity and brand backlash when people realize they've been led on a wild goose chase."

Then there's the price tag. With campaigns in the multimillions, there are whispers that 42 is putting a high price on low returns. 42's clients admit that ARGs are far from a sure thing. "I always tell people that things like this are a risk," says Chris Di Cesare, who headed up 42's campaigns for *Halo 2* and *A.I.* at Microsoft.

Today shows like *Heroes* and *Lost*, as well as new companies like D20, are getting in on the ARG game. Every new innovation—from Facebook to mobile hardware—is seen as a new platform for the experience. Now that the buzz around the genre is growing, 42 is aiming to create a world that doesn't just market itself through ARGs, but originates there. "It's something we're already working on," Bonds says.

Producer Charles Roven, who worked on the *Dark Knight* campaign, thinks ARGs are the future. "One of the great things is that you can't ever really define where one of these things is going to go," he says. "That's the beautiful thing about it. It's ultimately a bit uncontrollable, and that makes it exciting." ●

Viral Evolution A brief history of alternative reality. Trippy, dude!

1938
War of the Worlds Orson Welles' radio broadcast about a Martian invasion caused panic up and down the Eastern seaboard.

1968
Paul Is Dead Fans and conspiracy theorists alike spread word that Beatle Paul McCartney died in a car wreck. The theory lives on online.

1999
The Blair Witch Project Promoted with a "documentary" on the Sci-Fi channel, the movie eventually raked in $248 million.

2006
The *Lost* Experience Secrets of ABC's geektastic mind-fuck were revealed through dummy Web sites, TV ads, and blogs.

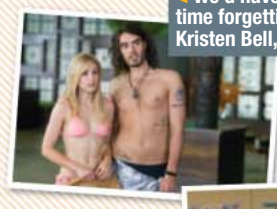
2007
Aqua Teen Hunger Force Electronic signs promoting the movie were mistaken for a terrorist attack. Pandemonium ensued.

ADVERTISEMENT

Maxim Goes to the Movies

You can recite them by heart. You laugh all the way through, every single time you watch. The best aren't just comedies, they're legends with moments you'll never forget—even if some you'd like to! Catch them on Cinemax.

Check out our favorites and see how they stack up.

	FORGETTING SARAH MARSHALL	KNOCKED UP	OfficeSpace	SEMI-PRO	HAROLD & KUMAR ESCAPE FROM GUANTANAMO BAY
Eye candy	< We'd have a hard time forgetting Kristen Bell, too. 		Even decked out in flair, Jennifer Aniston still looked smokin' hot.	Ball girls. Can we say that?	The bottomless party. 'Nuff said.
Crossed the line (and we loved it)!	Dude, put on some pants. < The birth scene will be forever burned on your retinas—consider yourself warned.		< The shortest shorts this side of 1975.		"I think it still has cheese on it."
Quotable factor	"Are those sad tissues or happy tissues?"		"Excuse me, I believe you have my stapler."	"Meet the smokeless bong." >	
Love story you can secretly enjoy because it's bracketed by guy humor	Hope for any guy who's gotten dumped: Mila Kunis. >	We like a chick who digs kung fu movies. >			You can't help but root for Harold to finally get the girl.
The takeaway	< Maxim PSA: Use protection, guys.	Where do we start?	Bear on the loose? Children make great shields.	Ah, that explains the last eight years. >	

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AGENT PROVOCATEUR

Former *Buffy* babe Eliza Dushku takes over your flat-screen as the smoking-hot heroine of Fox's massively anticipated new action series *Dollhouse*.

BY ALISON PRATO PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES WHITE

TYPECASTING ELIZA DUSHKU AS A BAD girl is pretty easy. As Faith on TV's cult favorites *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* and its spin-off, *Angel*, she played a damaged-goods slayer turned villain with a fetish for studded belts, leather pants, and tattoos—the antithesis of Sarah Michelle Gellar's good girl protagonist, Buffy. In one of her biggest movies, 2000's cartwheeling classic *Bring It On,* Eliza flip-flopped onto the screen as the wrong-side-of-the-tracks foil to Kirsten Dunst's perk-till-you-puke cheerleading captain. In her nearly 20 films, including *City by the Sea, Jay and Silent Bob Strike Back,* and *True Lies,* as well as on TV's *Tru Calling,* where she played a morgue worker with supernatural powers, we've seen her portray a myriad of ass-kicking goddesses with dirty mouths and mean right hooks. Having grown up in Boston as the only girl in a family of three roughhousing brothers, it's not hard to see where Eliza got her tough-as-nails demeanor.

But any preconceived notions you have about Eliza are about to be eliminated thanks to her new show, *Dollhouse,* created by her old *Buffy* and *Angel* boss, geek god Joss Whedon. In this Fox action series, which fanboys have been loudly buzzing about ever since it was announced in the fall of 2007, Eliza plays Echo, who is a blank slate, or "Active," in a top-secret, high-tech lab-dorm. Each episode sees her implanted with a new personality—such as a sophisticated and brainy hostage negotiator—allowing Eliza to break out of her punch-first, ask-questions-later mold. "Eliza's got so much texture," Whedon tells us. "If there's one thing that she doesn't give, it's blank." We're guessing the viewing public will be *more* than happy to see as many sides of this Bean Town bombshell as possible.

Ashley Paige lingerie

YOU CONVINCED JOSS WHEDON TO COME BACK TO TV AND DO THIS SHOW WITH YOU. HOW DID YOU TWIST HIS ARM?
I knew that if I went back to TV, I absolutely wanted it to be with him, so I invited him to lunch. He picked this fancy-schmancy restaurant, and we threw around ideas. Four hours later he came out of the bathroom and said, "The show's going to be called *Dollhouse.*" That Gouda pizza I bought him was the best investment I ever made.

JOSS TOLD US THAT THE ONLY THING YOU'RE TRULY AFRAID OF ON THE SHOW IS WEARING YOUR HAIR UP.
I know! He told me, "I can throw you off a building or run you over with a truck, and you're fine. The only thing that makes you uncomfortable is wearing your hair like a lady." Playing sophisticated women has been challenging.

YOUR BODY LOOKS AMAZING THESE DAYS. WERE YOU CHANNELING ANY HOLLYWOOD ICONS DURING OUR SHOOT?
Ava Gardner, baby. And thanks, I feel good in my skin. I have two beefy trainers I work out with every day. I like working out with guys who tower over me with bulging muscles.

GOOD TO KNOW. WHAT ELSE DO YOU LOOK FOR IN A GUY?
I like guys who play hard and have calluses on their hands. Any guy who's been raised in a bubble hasn't lived enough for me. Scars and broken body parts and tattoos are hot.

YOU'RE DATING NIGHTLIFE IMPRESARIO BRENT BOLTHOUSE. HAVE YOU WATCHED HIM ON *THE HILLS*?
I've only seen it once. If that's what living in Hollywood is all about for them, cool, but I haven't had that experience. I'm more into *Big Love* and Bill Maher...even though I picked a fight with him once.

WHAT HAPPENED?
I was feeling rambunctious one night at a club, and he made a comment about vapid Hollywood starlets. I got defensive and said, "You talking to *me*?" I'm not a shy gal.

IS THAT A TYPICAL NIGHT OUT FOR YOU?
Lately, I haven't had many nights out, because I'm working 14-hour days. Oftentimes I'll just hang out and play chess.

SO YOU'RE A CHESS NERD?
I quit drinking and smoking, so chess is my drug. I dream of becoming a grand master.

WE NOTICED YOU'VE GOT A CROSS TATTOOED ON YOUR ANKLE. WHAT ELSE DO YOU HAVE?
Kat Von D did a beautiful symbolic feather on my ribs. I love catching a glimpse of it when I strip down to take a shower.

ANY RUMORS YOU'D LIKE TO CLEAR UP?
Yes. The only surgery I've ever had was when I've broken a bone. Growing up, I signed up every single day to be a human football. I love it when people tell me I'm beautiful, but when I look in the mirror, all I see is a grown-up tomboy with a broken nose. ●

Dollhouse airs Fridays at 9 P.M. on Fox.

STYLING, KAREN SHAPIRO; HAIR, PHILIP CARREON FOR THE WALL GROUP; MAKEUP, KATHY JEUNG FOR MAGNET L.A.; MANICURE, DEBBIE LEAVITT FOR CLOUTIER AGENCY.COM

"I love catching a glimpse of my tattoos when I strip down to take a shower."

C'N'C Costume National bra
La Perla briefs
Hue thigh-highs

Free People sweater
Catriona Mackechnie lingerie

Location, SLS Hotel Beverly Hills
(slshotels.com)

Ashley Paige lingerie

"I like guys who play hard. Scars and broken body parts and tattoos are hot."

THE REAL BIG EASY

Rip up your tourist brochures! Get your butt off Bourbon Street, and cross over to the "other side." Our no-holds-barred insider's guide is the *only* thing you'll ever need to experience New Orleans–and Mardi Gras–the way the coolest locals do.

"NEW ORLEANS WAS A PLACE TO HIDE," WROTE CHARLES BUKOWSKI, the dive bard and *Barfly* author. "I could piss away my life there."

Which is what this most infamous city is for most visitors, especially during Mardi Gras season: a place to get hammered and stay that way, lose your shirt, then your shit, hit the strip clubs and tourist traps of Bourbon Street, spend your cash on countless $9 Hurricane drinks and Slippery Nipple shooters, all the while screaming, "Show us your tits!" at boozy, floozy coeds gone wild.

But is that what you *really* want to do when you're in this "strange, decadent city," as vampire novelist Anne Rice called it, for a long (read: lost) weekend? *The entire time?*

Mardi Gras this year falls on February 24—Fat Tuesday, as it's called—and for the entire month the party and parades will roll on, gaining size like a snowball down Everest. An estimated one million visitors are expected, inundating the Creole-cottaged cobblestone streets, still sweeping up the horrors of Hurricane Katrina. That means fresh hell if you are in the French Quarter, where mounted police are just waiting for the opportunity to pounce.

Why get laid over in Obvious Land, when you could be imbibing and inhaling the spookiest, sexiest, tastiest, most haunted and hedonistic metropolis in the U.S., perhaps the world?

Hide your wallet in your tighty-whities and follow our A-team of experts—all seasoned veterans of crawling and brawling through every inch of the city—taking you, among many other best-kept secrets, to the extended block party of the Faubourg Marigny's Frenchmen Street, as well as a rollicking bar run down Magazine Street. Grab a go-cup, and, as the Cajuns say, *"Laissez les bon temps rouler!"* That's "Let the good times roll" to you, Yankee boy!

BY STEVE GARBARINO

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MADDY SIMPSON

PHOTO-ILLUSTRATION BY ERIC HEINZ

Best THE RAW AND THE COOKED: SWEETEST OYSTERS

Jonathan Swift once said, "He was a bold man that first ate an oyster." Pussy! The mollusks that thrive in the brackish waters of Lake Pontchartrain are the reason you come to New Orleans. And given the oyster's reputation for stiffening the ol' shuck stick, they just may be the secret ingredient to the city's hedonistic stew. If you like them raw, swirled into the preferred local concoction—horseradish, lemon juice, ketchup, and Tabasco—head to **Bozo's** (3117 21st St., Metairie), a no-frills, linoleum-tabled joint boasting some of the fattest, freshest oysters around. **Casamento's** (4330 Magazine St.), a tiled-from-top-to-bottom Uptown storefront, serves them fresh-shucked or fried and stuffed into a po'boy, to equally delicious effect. The oyster stew is manna, too. Noisy, bustling **Landry's Seafood House** (400 N. Peters St.) may attract the odd gastro-tourist (for good reason), but nothing like

the throngs that flock to **Acme Oyster House** (724 Iberville St.). If you're not so into the raw deal, go to **Drago's Seafood Restaurant** (2 Poydras St.), which specializes in grilled oysters, roasted over an open fire. Slurp!—*Julian Sancton*

Gator Mania!

Where to see a scaly beast (and other loads of croc).

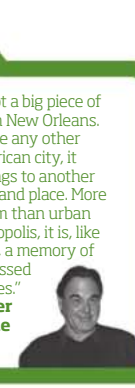
1 **White Alligator** (6500 Magazine St., audubon institute.org): In the Louisiana Swamp exhibit at the **Audubon Zoo**, you can watch the blue-eyed white alligator mix it up with the regulars to little effect. A case of reverse discrimination.

2 **Alligator Sightings Jean Lafitte Swamp Airboat Tour** (800-445-4109): One of countless cracker operations that take you out into Hoodoo Land for about $70 a person. This one's about a half-hour outside of the city in Marrero, La.

3 **Great American Alligator Museum** (2051 Magazine St., 504-523-5525): "Fossils, taxidermy, folk art," and assorted reptilian kitsch, oddly placed in an antique zone of the Lower Garden District. Bring home a gator paw keychain for the littlun!

4 **Alligator Boneyard** Wanna see some jaws of death? Turn on a GPS and drive two hours west on I-10 to Gueydan, La. Behind a processing plant, you'll find a field of countless gator bones. Ask for directions at D&D Sports. Be courteous or you'll be mistaken for a duck.

"I shot a big piece of *JFK* in New Orleans. Unlike any other American city, it belongs to another time and place. More dream than urban metropolis, it is, like Cuba, a memory of repressed desires."
Oliver Stone



KNOW YOUR N'AWLINS PATOIS: A GLOSSARY OF TERMS

sucking heads: slurping in the seasoned juices from the head of a crawfish

mudbugs: slang for crawfish

RBR: red beans and rice, served in households and cafés each Monday, known as "RBR Mondays"

axe: ask

yehyouright: yes, that is exactly correct

ye' mom and them: your family

y'at: Rednecks from the West Bank say, "where y'at?" instead of "what's up?"

cash money: cash—*Stinson Carter*

Best of the Bayou

HOTTEST SPOT FOR MARDI GRAS SEX

Under the Bleachers in Lafayette Square Nothing like getting frisky beneath the butts of hundreds of drunk, oblivious tourists—trust us. As they focus on the floats passing by on St. Charles Avenue, you'll be focusing on more carnal pursuits. Hey, it's Mardi Gras! No one'll notice a thing.

BEST PLACE TO GET A BITE

Boutique du Vampyre (712 Orleans St., feelthebite.com): Mark your territory on that UNO coed you met at the Abbey bar around the bend. This curio shop behind St. Louis Cathedral specializes in disturbingly realistic custom vampire fangs. Made of dental-grade acrylic from a mold of your chompers, they snap right in without glue. At $100 to $800 a pop, there's much at stake.

HORNIEST CLUBS

Coming here without seeing live music is like going to Amsterdam and passing up the hash brownies. If you want to hear traditional New Orleans jazz—don't call it Dixieland (that's what white dudes in straw hats play on the ferryboat in Disney World)—head to the **Palm Court Jazz Cafe** (1204 Decatur St.), a tiled-floor club with an oak bar and purist combos. The Faubourg Marigny is Jazz Central, and hipster hangout **d.b.a.** (618 Frenchman St.) hits all the right notes (great name-brand acts, great-looking crowd). But our favorite is the **Spotted Cat** (623 Frenchman St.), a sweaty little hole that squeezes in squeezebox lovers. Must-see: blues wizard Washboard Chaz. Uptown way, don't let the crowd that nightly spills out of legendary storefront tavern the **Maple Leaf Bar** (8316 Oak St.) stop you from catching the wild-man funk, R&B, jazz, zydeco, and electric blues, rocking the bar's stage and shaking the hammered-tin ceiling; Tuesday night is owned by the rollicking Rebirth Brass Band (arrive early). **Snug Harbor** (626 Frenchman St.) is the place for Neville Brothers sightings (Aaron's the one with that mole). If you're in a spiritual mood—or you just feel like hitting the lanes—roll over to the **Rock N' Bowl** (4133 S. Carrollton Ave.), whose owner, a fervent Catholic, returned from a pilgrimage to Medjugorje in the former Yugoslavia after making a petition to the Virgin Mary to help him financially take care of his family. When he returned he was asked if he wanted to buy a bowling alley, which he did, and turned it into a successful music club. He built it, and they came.—*J.S.*

FRIENDLIEST STRIP CLUB

Rick's Cabaret (315 Bourbon St., ricks.com): Like dive bars, flesh factories are abundant here, ranging from the spectacular to the terrifying. Rick's is the best of the former, boasting a fun, non-creepy vibe and the hottest girls we've seen. Bonus: Instead of forcing you to buy them a $20 drink and a $100 lap dance, they will sit and chat and "even make you laugh." Yeah, *that's* why you're there—to make a new friend!

A BRASS BALL: All jazzed up at the Maple Leaf Bar.

Best of the Bayou

HOLE-IEST HOLE IN DIXIE

The Saint Bar and Lounge (961 St. Mary St.): Telephone wires hum overhead and a streetlamp buzzes, threatening to go out as you approach the yellow neon halo on the pockmarked wooden door, here on this sketchy street. This is David Lynch Land. Enter and you are suddenly swept from harm's way into alkie heaven, the diviest of all dives—a serious honor here. True, the Saint, located in Uptown's Irish Channel neighborhood, isn't much to look at: drop ceilings, rec-room paneling, a creepy little side room made for misbehavior. But the devil is in the details, like the surreal color photo booth in which you can attach your head to a bonneted baby's body. Alterna-dudes, resident crazies, slumming-it socialites, big daddies in seersucker, hotties in denim minis, and local rock bands cram the thrift-store couches and barstools for muddy Bloodies and homemade moonshine. The music ranges from Jimmie Rodgers yokel to speed metal. Pet Lily, the bar cat, and say a prayer at the weirdo shrine to Saint Jude, the patron saint of lost causes (like you).

BEST PLACE TO WATCH A SMALL CHILD GET EATEN BY SNAPPING TURTLES

Audubon Park: Find Pitt Street—*not* named after favorite son Brad—and take it until it runs into the park. Walk directly to the bayou's edge, and stop. If the sun is out and it's not too cold, you will see clusters of sinister turtles lying about in conga lines on fallen water oaks, *waiting, waiting*—for little Percival to wander away from Mom.

LEAST SPORTSMANLIKE CONDUCT

Cooter Brown's Tavern & Oyster Bar (509 S. Carrollton Ave., cooterbrowns.com): More like a Wild West saloon in a ghost town than a traditional sports bar, Cooter Brown's—with its Pure Prairie League mascot—nonetheless has more plasma screens per square inch than anywhere else in the city. This Riverbend favorite of old-timers and the college crowd reeks of ammonia, and the rest rooms don't even have locks on the doors. But *that*—plus an extensive beer list and fresh oysters—is the point. No sausage factory, the local ladies like it, too.

BEST DISGUISE DEPOT

Uptown Costume and Dancewear (4326 Magazine St., 504-895-7969): You don't want coworkers or family members to recognize you during Mardi Gras, so all the better to be wearing a chicken outfit, Jerry Lewis teeth, a wolfman mask, a rubber penis nose, or a *Clockwork Orange* jumpsuit! Just avoid the pointy Ku Klux Klan hats: The locals will *not* be amused.

BEST REVENGE

Voodoo Doll from Voodoo Authentica (612 Dumaine, voodooshop.com): "Practitioner-made" voodoo dolls are just the ticket for providing your prick of a boss with a little scrotal stinging. Juju, grigri, potions, and ritual kits aren't made to be taken lightly, but you have no intention of doing so, right?

NOM DE PLUME: Mask up at Uptown Costume Shop.

Best BABE FACTORY: REPUBLIC

Republic (828 S. Peters St., republicnola.com): If you live in Old Metairie or the West Bank—'burbs of New Orleans—this is where the just-of-drinking-age hotties cross the bridges to test out their new spandex mini-dresses and six-inch heels, away from Mom and Pop's disapproving eyes. The two-story, 7,000-square-foot warehouse of dirty dancing is also where savvy local shop girls come to circle those upstairs VIP banquettes, accommodating some of the city's more eligible bachelors. The bottle service may seem "a bit much" for this town. But Republic is ultimately a democracy: It boasts some of the most mixed crowds in the city. No, this is *not* your grandfather's New Orleans.

"I love anything **Chef Donald Link** is involved with, and his restaurant **Cochon** is all about my favorite animal: pig. Chef Link is a heroic figure in my eyes—not just for his ability to coax rainbows of flavor from that most magical of beasts, but because he was one of the first chefs back in New Orleans after Katrina. He personifies the very best of NOLA food culture."

Anthony Bourdain, chef, TV show host (*No Reservations*)

MARDI GRAS SURVIVAL TIPS

1. American Express: Don't leave hotel *with* it. Keep cards, and cash, well-hidden—ditch that sucker's fat wallet. Your girlfriend should bring her ID. Barely Legal is a strip club here, but door guys check the "ladies" during Mardi Gras. Undercover cops abound.
2. Layer your clothes. Temperatures go up and down on you like that girl at Johnnie White's Hole-in-the-Wall. And know that this city gets wet.
3. Drink *and* drive by taking the streetcar. It'll transport your sorry ass from the French Quarter to the equally lubricated Garden District for $1.25 a pop. Get off, so to speak, wherever you want. Many streetcars run until 2 A.M.
4. Call restaurants in advance for reservations before going—or at least to find out if they're open. New Orleans runs on its own time; some places are closed on the most unlikely of days—Tuesday?—and keep odd hours of operation. (Sundays, even during Mardi Gras, are deader than Jeff Buckley.)
5. Don't just wander around like a gypsy or take guidance from some weirdo. Plan a route in advance. Pick up a free *Gambit, WHEREY'AT,* or *Antigravity* (for live-rock fans), the alternative tabs of the city. They list venues by neighborhood, dates of live shows, and happy hours, and offer capsule reviews of local eats and drinks. They're found in record shops and cafés.

...AND MORE SLANG TO SLING

who dat? who is that?

lagniappe (lann-yap): a little something extra thrown in for free

banquette: sidewalk

neutral ground: median

gallery: balcony

mash the button: press the button

makin' groceries: buying groceries

buggy: grocery basket

pass a good time: have a good time

shotgun (single or double): a house with all rooms connected by a central hallway—*S.C.*

SAY THIS, NOT THAT

a. Say **"Nuwohr-lins,"** don't say, **"N'awlins,"** and never say, **"New Or-leens."**

b. Say **"the River,"** not **"the Mississippi River."**

c. Call it **"the parade,"** not **"Mardi Gras."**

d. Say **"Bur-GUN-dy"** Street, not **"Bur-gundy"** Street.

e. **Tchoupitoulas Street,** a key thoroughfare, is pronounced, **"Chop-i-too-las."**

f. **"Co-cola,"** not **Coca-Cola.**—*S.C.*

Local Libations of Distinction

Hurricanes, Monsoons, and Mudslides, oh, my! If you want a taste of New Orleans, then give these elixirs a whirl of the ol' swizzle stick. And ordering a Bloody Mary, anywhere, is a must–"spicy bean" included.

1 The **Ramos Gin Fizz**, a frothy hangover cure, was invented by Henry Ramos in 1888. Difficult to make, the milkshake-like drink is worth the wait (tip extra). Ingredients: dry gin, lemon juice, fresh egg whites, seltzer, powdered sugar, orange flower. We like 'em at the **Columns**.

2 The **Sazerac** was recently declared the official drink of New Orleans. This licorice-tasting cocktail is served chilled in an old-fashioned glass. Ingredients: three ounces of rye, simple syrup, Peychaud bitters, absinthe splash. Often served with an orange-rind twist. Go to **Antoine's**.

3 The **Pimm's Cup** was invented in the mid-18th century by English oyster bar owner James Pimm, and it somehow found its way to New Orleans. Ingredients: Pimm's No. 1, ginger ale, shot of seltzer, cucumber garnish. Served in a tall glass, it's the drink of favor at **Napoleon House**.

TOP 10 BARGAIN BARS

1. **Snake & Jake's Christmas Club Lounge** (7612 Oak St.): Santa Claus is drunk, year-round.
2. **Mother-in-Law Lounge** (1500 N. Claiborne Ave.): Leave the old ball and chain at home.
3. **The Kingpin Bar** (1307 Lyons St.): Uptown's casual, chick-friendly shrine to Elvis.
4. **The Saturn Bar** (3067 St. Claude Ave.): Truly a planet unto its own, far, far out there...
5. **Half Moon Bar** (1125 St. Mary St.): Great for daytime drinking, best neon sign in town.
6. **Buffa's** (1001 Esplanade Ave.): Soccer (grand)mom Dixie band on Sundays.
8. **Chuck's Bar** (510 Gravier St.): Open 24 hours, the last neighborhood bar in the CBD. "No Sleeping."
9. **St. Joe's Bar** (5535 Magazine St.): Monastery dark inside, heavenly patio out back.
10. **Igor's** (501 Esplanade Ave.) Laundromat *and* bar.

"We tell people they should go to New Orleans because it's not an easy place to describe. It's a special place, and a unique part of America, and the people are great. But you've got to go there to really experience it. You've gotta feel it. You've gotta come."

Angelina Jolie

Best of the Bayou

BEST PLACE TO BLACK OUT

Lafitte's Blacksmith Shop (941 Bourbon St.): "Was that James Gandolfini I just pissed next to in the bathroom? Wait...I can see now. It *was!*" The gaslit, oldest freestanding structure in the U.S., and the oldest bar in New Orleans (circa 1772), is so dark inside day or night that you'll be squinting like a vampire when you leave. People vanish here.

CHEAPEST 24 HOURS OF YOUR LIFE

Ms. Mae's (4336 Magazine St.): The Uptown collegiate and post-collegiate pack-'em-in that's an almost guarantee for a one-night stand (for man, woman, or other) draws a boisterous, shot-swilling crowd. And imagine this: $1 cocktails. It's a fun close to a night, or a morning. Next stop? Death.

CRAZIEST CREOLE KITCHEN

Jacques-Imo's Café (8324 Oak St., jacquesimoscafe.com): With a wild-man spirit that carries over to his boisterous rock'n'roll kitchen, Chef Jack Leonardi, the unofficial mayor of Oak Street, is New Orleans' Mario Batali (sans the clogs, red face, and piglet tail). The "experience" of eating at this casual but serious Creole-Cajun swamp-boogie house begins when diners walk directly through the bustling open kitchen into the dining room, where the Stones are cranking. But the real magic is the wildly imaginative indigenous cuisine. No one does a better blackened redfish, period. And the shrimp-and-gator-sausage cheesecake is simply amazing. Feeling weird? Eat your dinner at the two-top in the flatbed of the Jacques-Imo's house truck. Encore!

SMOKIN'EST PLACE TO GET LIT

Mayan Import Company (3009 Magazine St., mayanimport.com) We don't know Jack about cigars, but there's a lot of them here, and the young, cool dudes who run this shop seem to know their Cohibas. Or, if you prefer, come for the dirt-cheap, hard-to-find import cigarettes—like Shepheard's Hotels. Best of all, it's housed in a former orphanage!

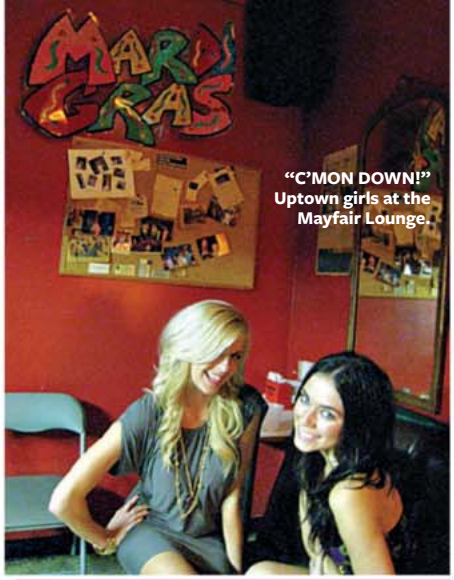
BEST CLUB TO STRUT YOUR STUFF, Y'ALL

Balcony Music Club (1331 Decatur St., at Esplanade Ave.): The sweaty Quarter-Marigny venue is luring a refreshingly mixed crowd of local twenty- and thirtysomethings—who all know how to swing, jitterbug, Cajun two-step, and have a wild time. Nightly, some of the most spontaneous acts in town, from new-Dixie and soul to funk and electric blues, play here. It all jumps, Jasper.

SWEETEST SPOT TO MAKE UP WITH HER

Sucré (3025 Magazine St., shopsucre.com): You really shouldn't have made out with your girlfriend's boozed-up BFF. But this is the place to make it all better with your sweet-toothed sweetheart the next day. See! You really *are* a refined gentlemen, choosing this newcomer confectionary and dessert room—quite the little modernist jewel box in the honky-tonk fray. Now, back to being a dick!

ZZ TOP REUNITED: The house truck at Jacques-Imo's.



"C'MON DOWN!" Uptown girls at the Mayfair Lounge.

Best of the Bayou

BEST MARDI GRAS-YEAR-ROUND BAR

The Mayfair Lounge (1505 Amelia St.): To enter the Mayfair, you have to press a door buzzer, making every moment inside seem like you're in Buffalo Bill's torture pit. But really it's more like you're trapped inside a permanent Mardi Gras float. This favored local drinking hole is "decorated" with a ceiling encrusted with carnival beads, a wilted pool table, sexy postgrads, and the engaging, ageless proprietress Miss Gertie, who's been behind the bar since 1978.

SPICIEST MUDBUGS

Big Fisherman Seafood (3301 Magazine St.): Make a party on your hotel room terrace! Just head here, a market fave for Uptown locals. Pick up four or five pounds of boiled crawfish, served with Old Bay–seasoned corn and red potatoes, spread out some newspapers on the floor, and dig in.

BEST DEAD SHOW

Lafayette Cemetery No. 1 (Washington St. between Magazine and Prytania Sts.): You're going to simply die for this place. A favorite graveyard of Anne Rice's, the maze of collapsing, decrepit mausoleums and tombs in this Garden District haunt is scary as bejesus during the day and completely freaky-deaky come dusk. But it's the real-life muggers, not the ghost of some yellow fever victim, that visitors should be wary of.

EASIEST RIDERS

Bicycle Michael's (622 Frenchmen St., bicyclemichaels.com): In the middle of our favorite neighborhood, the Marigny, these fit-and-friendly stoners will set you up with the hybrid or mountain bike of your choice for $25 a day (due back by morning). Many hotels let you keep them in your room. Don't spill that go-cup!

SEXIEST SHACK-UP SPOT

The Columns Hotel (3811 Saint Charles Ave., thecolumns.com): This anything-goes 19-room Italiante mansion, fronted by gigantic columns, is the place to stay or drink for anyone who's ever dreamed of living above a saloon. Wealthy young pros and Tulane students cram the front porch and the 14-foot-ceilinged mahogany barrooms adorned with satanic-looking trophy heads. You feel a sense of entitlement strutting down the grand, spiraling staircase from your hotel room, right into Party Central.

GET A ROOM: Old School rules at the Columns Hotel.

A Tale of Two Sandwiches

You got your sub, your cheesesteak, and your hoagie elsewhere. But New Orleans' two distinct sandwiches–the muffuletta and the po'boy–are like no others. And they don't cost a whole lotta bread.

	MUFFULETTA	PO'BOY
Inventor	Salvatore Lupo	Clovis and Benjamin Martin
Pronunciation	muff-uh-LOT-uh	PO-boy
Origins	Created in 1906 by a Sicilian grocery store owner in the French Quarter	Created in 1929 by two streetcar drivers, helping feed "those poor boys" on strike
Bread	Round Sicilian focaccia	Louisiana French bread
Key Ingredient	Marinated olive salad (with minced celery, cauliflower, carrots, and seasoning)	Sliced roast beef (with gravy), or fried oysters and shrimp; smoked Andouille sausage
The Filler	Capicola, salami, mortadella, Emmentaler, provolone	Mayonnaise ("mie-nez" here), lettuce, tomato, pickles
Where to Have One	At the stand-up counter in **Central Grocery Co.**	(For roast beef) **Domilise's** and **Parasol's**
Price	$12.50 at **Napoleon House** (serves two) or $3.95/quarter	$5–$14 for halves and wholes, at **Guy's** and **Mother's**

"There are a lot of places I like, but I like New Orleans better. There's a thousand different angles at any moment. At any time you could run into a ritual honoring some vaguely known queen. No action seems inappropriate here. The city is one very long poem." **Bob Dylan**

The Laws of the Jungle

It's called the Big Easy for a reason, but there's a few rules...

ODD LAWS STILL ON THE BOOKS

You can't:

1. Toss any of the following from a Mardi Gras float: plastic spears, oysters, rodents, sex toys.
2. Bring reptiles within 200 yards of a parade route.
3. Wear a mask outside of Mardi Gras.
4. Train pigs to fight.
5. Steal someone's crawfish. (Punishable by up to 10 years in prison. Same goes for stealing alligators.)
6. Sell hot tamales two blocks from a school.

RULES OF THE "GO-CUP"

The best thing about New Orleans is that you can drink liquor from a plastic cup just about anywhere outdoors.

However, you can't:

1. Carry an open *glass* container in the French Quarter.
2. Carry plastic or glass containers within a block of a Mardi Gras parade route, two hours before the parade.
3. Have an open container in a moving vehicle—maximum fine is $200.

NOT ILLEGAL, BUT DON'T DO THESE THINGS

1. Drink anything from a plastic hand grenade.
2. Sport a blue or red tongue.
3. Take pictures of girls' breasts: What happens at Mardi Gras should stay at Mardi Gras.
4. Yell, "Par-ty Gras!"
5. Wear your "throw" beads around your neck the entire night.
6. Take local "talent" to your hotel. You may end up with one of those, "It was a *dude*, man!" tales.—*J.S. and S.C.*

SPECIAL THANKS TO: THINKTANK PRODUCTIONS & MODEL MANAGEMENT, NICK HARAMIS, JEWEL GROSCH, RACHEL HELD, ALICIA SCHULZ, AND RICK JERVIS.

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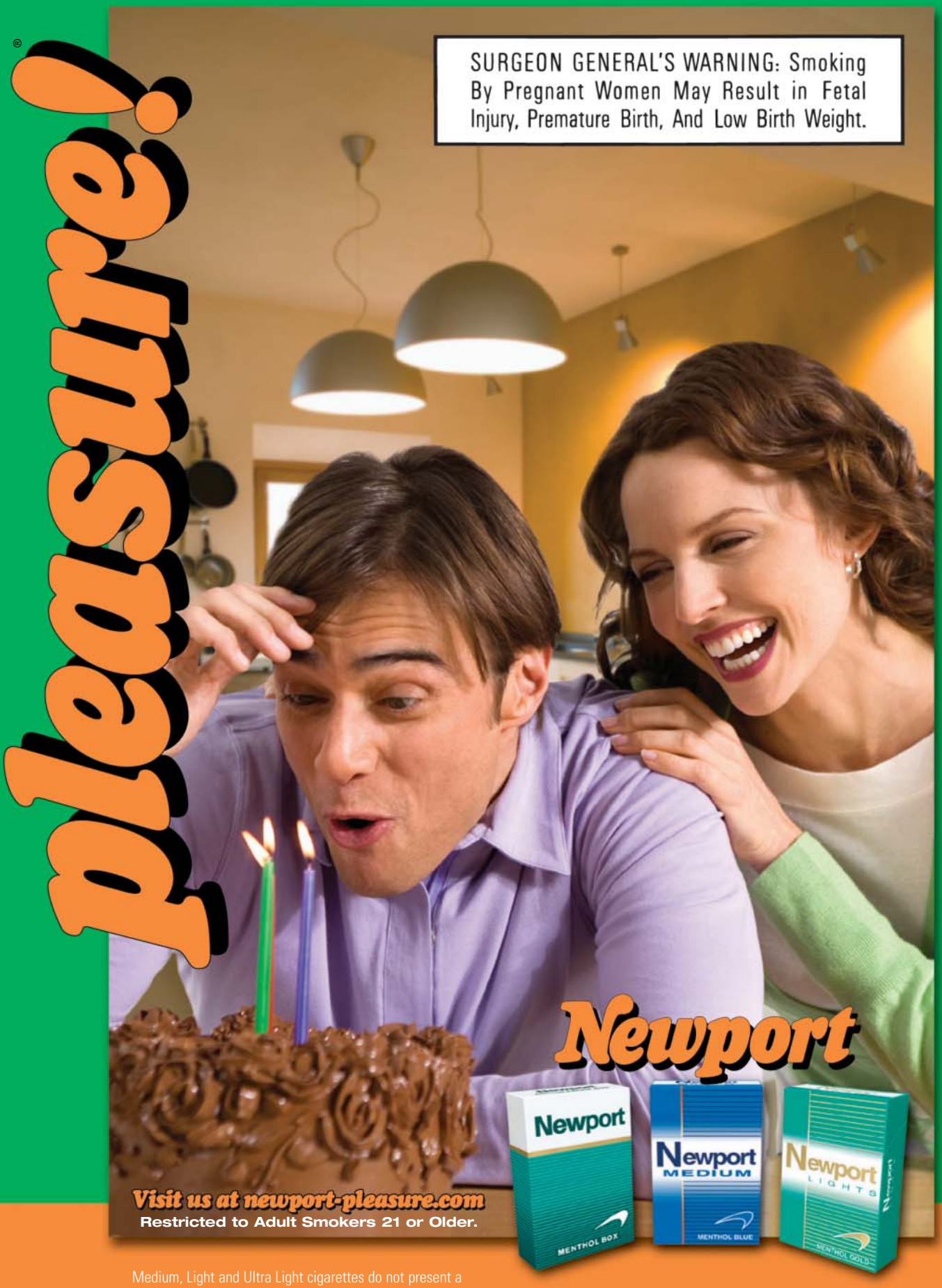
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BRING HER ON

As a chick-loving cheerleader in this month's sex-fueled farce *Fired Up*, Louisiana lovely Danneel Harris will no doubt get crowds hootin' and hollerin'.

BY SETH KELLY
PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEVE SHAW

Lemonade bikini
Giuseppe Zanotti heels
Current/Elliott jacket

DANNEEL HARRIS MAY HAVE GROWN UP going to church in small-town Louisiana, but she's far more Bourbon Street than Southern belle. She's the type of girl who moves to L.A. with no intention of acting and then picks up the skill because she thought the fast-and-furious lifestyle would suit her. She first made her mark as a hell-raiser on the hit TV show *One Tree Hill*, and after heating up *Harold & Kumar Escape From Guantanamo Bay*, she's once again making the big screen sizzle. This month Danneel plays a cheerleader trying to get her hands on a teammate's pompoms in *Fired Up*, followed by a role as a girlfriend gone wild in this summer's *Mardi Gras*. Get ready for Hurricane Danneel!

IN *FIRED UP* YOU PLAY A CHEERLEADER MORE INTERESTED IN SCORING WITH A TEAMMATE THAN MAKING HUMAN PYRAMIDS. HOW WOULD YOU DESCRIBE YOUR CHARACTER?

She would probably be really good friends with Katy Perry [*laughs*]. Yeah, she's in love with one of the other girls at a cheerleading camp, and she'd do *anything* to be close to her. She tries lifts, she smells her…It's kind of an obsession.

HOW DID YOU GET ALONG WITH THE ACTRESS WHO PLAYS THE OBJECT OF YOUR AFFECTION, HAYLEY MARIE NORMAN?

The first time we met, it was like, "Oh, hi. Guess we're going to be, like, the lesbian couple." Neither of us had played that kind of role before. I know how to handle a guy costar; you just say, "Hi, how are you? Are you going to brush your teeth before the kissing scene?" But with a girl it's like, "Uh, I like your shirt." Awkward. But now we're really good friends.

WELL, THERE'S NOTHING LIKE SIMULATED LESBIANISM TO REALLY CEMENT A FRIENDSHIP.

It's true. It bonds you quicker than anything.

SINCE YOU GREW UP IN LOUISIANA, WAS YOUR UPCOMING FLICK *MARDI GRAS* KIND OF A HOMECOMING FOR YOU?

Yeah, I actually filmed *Harold & Kumar* in Louisiana, but that was up in Shreveport. We're from down south, the home of Cajun music and all the things that make you think of Louisiana.

DID YOU SHOW YOUR FELLOW CAST MEMBERS THE ROPES IN NEW ORLEANS?

Yep, there was this group of six of us, and we went out constantly. A lot of people travel down there, and they need five Hurricanes in each hand. I've been there, done that, so I stuck to wine. Besides, there has to be someone to point the party in the right direction.

WHAT'S YOUR FAVORITE PERK ABOUT BEING YOUNG AND HOT IN HOLLYWOOD?

I got a free Mexican dinner about a week ago.

IS THAT THE PINNACLE SO FAR?

That really is, sorry. You know those celebrity gifting suites? I'm still not there yet. I'll go, and they'll give me, like, a 10 percent off coupon. Everyone else gets free sunglasses. Or I'll get a lot of, "We'll send it to you. What's your address?" I give it to them, and nothing. I'm still waiting on a coffee machine and an exercise bike.

WHAT VICE DO YOU INDULGE IN?

I'm terrified of flying, so if I'm not in first class, I always upgrade to the emergency exit row seat. It's really lame of me.

SO IF A GUY WANTS TO MEET YOU…

If you want to meet a really neurotic, panic-attack-prone girl, sit in the exit row.

Fired Up hits theaters everywhere February 20.

STYLING, JENNY RICKER AT THE WALL GROUP; HAIR, IAN JAMES AT THE WALL GROUP; MAKEUP, HIROMI USING PURLISSE FOR EXCLUSIVE ARTISTS; PROP STYLING, DAVID ROSS FOR ARTMIX

She Didn't Start the Fire

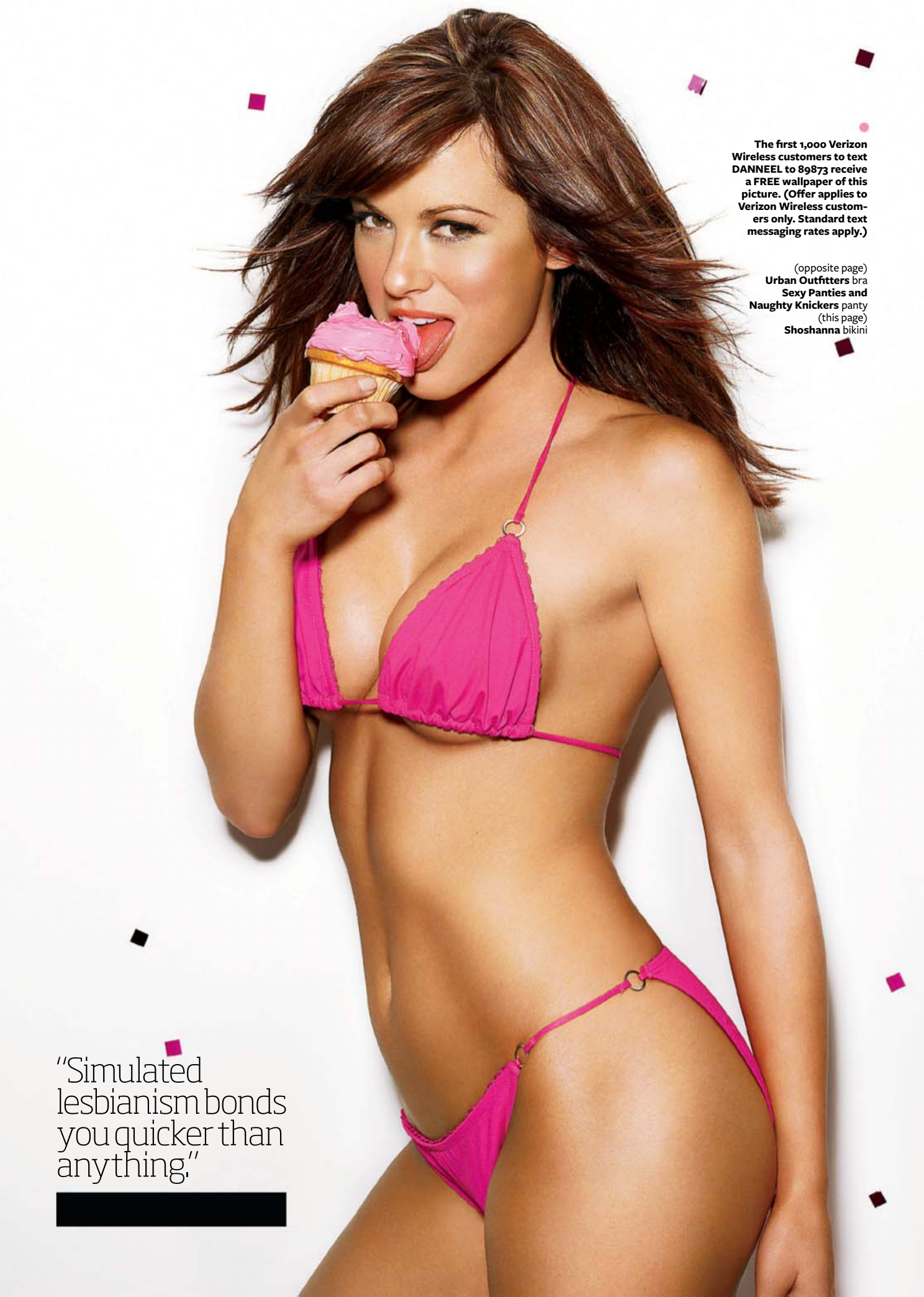
Pompoms! Horny dudes! Hilarity! We trace the genealogy of *Fired Up*, the tale of a couple of guys who infiltrate a cheerleading camp to get some action.

Take *Bring It On's* fiesty femmes…

***Wedding Crashers*– like tricksters…**

Lose the creepy Chris Walken…

And get *Fired Up* for a sexy romp!



The first 1,000 Verizon Wireless customers to text DANNEEL to 89873 receive a FREE wallpaper of this picture. (Offer applies to Verizon Wireless customers only. Standard text messaging rates apply.)

(opposite page)
Urban Outfitters bra
Sexy Panties and Naughty Knickers panty
(this page)
Shoshanna bikini

"Simulated lesbianism bonds you quicker than anything."

[redacted]

CHEECH AND CHONG

Jonesin' for pot jokes? The 1970s stoner gods have reunited for a North American comedy tour. Do they still have what it takes to give you the giggles?

BY MATT DIEHL PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK OCKENFELS 3

WHAT HAVE PEOPLE'S REACTIONS BEEN TO SEEING YOU BACK TOGETHER ONSTAGE?
Chong: We're selling out everywhere we go.
Cheech: It's been amazing. A great percentage of the audience wasn't even born the last time we performed.
Chong: Cops are our biggest fans. Every time we'd get busted, they'd let us go—but first we'd have to give them an autograph.

WHY DID YOU BREAK UP, ANYWAY?
Cheech: He kept trying to reach for my dick.
Chong: And it was so small I couldn't find it. And then he ran off with Don Johnson.
Cheech: Yeah, I was going to try white guys for a while. You know, you only live once.
Chong: I really didn't know we'd split until I went to the last Cheech and Chong movie and I wasn't in it. I got a little megalomaniacal, and Cheech got tired of it. He didn't want me to be the boss. We were doing it for the wrong reason, which was money.
Cheech: Unless that's the right reason...

DID THE OFFERS TO REUNITE GET LARGER THE LONGER YOU WAITED TO GET BACK TOGETHER?
Cheech: Well, the sky opened up, and God said, "Get back together."
Chong: It didn't hurt that God wrote a big-ass check, either. In truth, my wife, Shelby, is one of the main reasons Cheech and I are back together. She told me I had to put my ego aside and forget all that weird, petty shit. She was my girlfriend when I first discovered Cheech, in 1969. She was my next-door neighbor, and a very, very young girl. If I met her today, I would be one of those guys on *To Catch a Predator*.

WHAT'S IT LIKE WORKING TOGETHER NOW?
Cheech: Actually, I like having him reach for my dick at this point.
Chong: It's incredible—because nobody is a bigger Cheech and Chong fan than Cheech and Chong. We stepped back into the big leagues. We're working on an animated film and discussing a Broadway musical. But the real reason we're so popular right now is all this unemployment: People have a lot of time to stay home and get fucked up.

SO ARE YOU HIGH RIGHT NOW?
Cheech: No. People ask me that all the time.
Chong: I'm always high, even though I don't smoke pot anymore. I have reached nirvana.

WHY DID YOU STOP SMOKING WEED?
Chong: I'd been smoking pot for 50 years, but I quit when I was incarcerated [in 2003, for selling drug paraphernalia on the Internet]. In prison I was offered pot every day, but it didn't seem to make much sense to me to break the law behind bars. I turned my jail time into a religious retreat, and the time just flew by. I was like a monk—I could almost walk on water by the end. Prison was a defining moment in my life that I knew was coming.

"I'm always high, even though I don't smoke anymore. I've reached nirvana."

HOW?
Chong: I just knew there was some very freaky shit coming down. I talked to the bongs, asking them, "What are you trying to tell me?" But a bong is not going to start speaking, you know. It was crazy.

CHEECH, DID YOU VISIT CHONG IN PRISON?
Cheech: I did. I smuggled in some K-Y Jelly.
Chong: Yeah. Chocolate-flavored.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE POT COMEDY REVIVAL, WITH MOVIES LIKE *PINEAPPLE EXPRESS*?
Cheech: It's lovely—it's like our kids finally went out and got a job.
Chong: I loved *Pineapple Express*. I met Seth Rogen at the *High Times* Stony Awards. Seth and his guys are funny—very talented. It's crazy: The counterculture has become the mainstream. They smoke a joint now in every television show, from *Sex and the City* to *Brothers & Sisters*. On *Nip/Tuck* they not only smoke, they do coke and then fuck each other!

WHY DOES STONER CULTURE STILL PROVIDE SUCH A WELLSPRING OF COMEDIC MATERIAL?
Chong: Pot destroys the ego, and it's the ego that keeps you from laughing. Lose the ego and you will find a lot of things funny. I learned you can't have an ego in jail: The minute you do, you're dead.

HAVE YOU HAD ANY HEALTH ISSUES FROM YOUR COPIOUS INTAKE OVER THE YEARS?
Chong: Pot is a gift from God—it will prolong your life if you do it right. The greatest thing about it is that it's not physically addicting: If smoking pot made your balls fall off, you would quit. But I have heard that it lowers your testosterone levels. My testosterone was so low that I had to take supplements.
Cheech: You guys keep talking. [*He leaves.*]

IS CHEECH COMING BACK?
Chong: No. This is not his kind of interview. He's going through a divorce, and his ex-wife is trying to fuck him over excessive drug use in his house. They have a 15-year-old daughter and stuff, so he's staying away from that.

WE NOW HAVE A PRESIDENT WHO'S GOT A FAMOUS PHOTO OF HIM SMOKING A JOINT. IS THAT PROGRESS?
Chong: Definitely. Cheech has actually met him. Obama is a smart politician, but he's also an honest guy. See, when you are black everybody expects it. He's not some white guy telling people he's never inhaled. Everybody smokes joints, which is the great thing about pot: You share it. ●

Get a seat at the Cheech and Chong Light Up America and Canada tour at cheechandchongtour.com.

GROOMING, GEORGIE EISDELL/EXCLUSIVE ARTISTS/DERMOLOGICA; PROP STYLING, MATTHEW ENGLEBERT

NATURES MEDICINE
大麻

There are some secrets women never tell. Unless we sidle up to them in cyberspace and ask them sweetly to help educate the male population on their every last sexual wish and burning desire! More than 2,000 female readers of Maxim.com, The Frisky.com, Lemondrop.com, and PopSugar.com, aged 18 to 48 and from all over the country, took our in-depth survey, which covers everything from their favorite body parts to their most illicit fantasies. And their responses just may shock you. Think the majority of women prefer missionary? Think again. Certain she's never kissed a girl? Don't be so sure. Think she prefers caressing and cuddling to a nice, firm spank? Er…maybe not. Check out the results for the crash course of a lifetime. Then put what you've learned to good use, and thank us later. Like, after taking a shower.

2009

SEX SURVEY

WE ASKED, WOMEN ANSWERED.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLIE LANGELLA

57

Percentage of women who will sleep with a guy within three weeks of meeting him.

"These pictures are for *Vanity Fair*, right?"

1 Your relationship status:
- **a.** Single — **41.4%***
- **b.** Married — **12.8**
- **c.** In a relationship — **45.8**

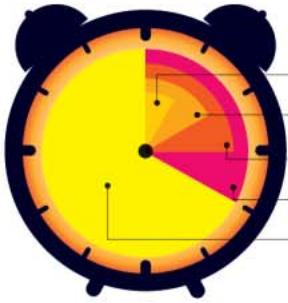
2 At what age did you lose your virginity?
- **a.** 11–15 — **18.2%**
- **b.** 16–20 — **69.8**
- **c.** 21–25 — **9.1**
- **d.** Over 25 — **.9**
- **e.** Still a virgin — **1.3**

3 If you're in a relationship, you met your current partner:
- **a.** At work — **18.9%**
- **b.** At a bar or club — **10.8**
- **c.** Through friends — **57.3**
- **d.** Online — **13**

4 How much time passes between meeting a guy and sleeping with him?
- **a.** A week — **13.5%**
- **b.** 2–3 weeks — **43.2**
- **c.** More than a month — **41.2**
- **d.** Can't answer right now—boning a dude I just met a few minutes ago. — **2**

5 How many lesbian experiences have you had?
- **a.** 0 — **56.5%**
- **b.** 1, in college; who hasn't? — **20.3**
- **c.** 2–5 — **19.7**
- **d.** 6–10 — **2.4**
- **e.** I'm going down on my roommate right now. — **0.9**

6 What chivalrous deeds do you still expect a guy to perform for you?
- **a.** Open doors — **34.4%**
- **b.** Walk on the street side of the sidewalk — **5.2**
- **c.** Pay for everything — **3.2**
- **d.** Take my pants off for me — **18.8**
- **e.** All of the above — **25.5**



7 How long should the penetration part of sex last?
- **1–5 minutes: 6%**
- **6–10 minutes: 30%**
- **11–15 minutes: 36%**
- **16–20 minutes: 23%**
- **Whatever Sting does: 4%**

*PERCENTAGES MAY NOT TOTAL 100, AS NOT ALL RESPONDENTS ANSWERED EVERY QUESTION.

Internet Hating

Facebook makes it easier than ever to flirt. But there are perils to all of that online action.

Time was, if I caught a guy I was dating checking out another woman, I could go do sake bombs with my friends and forget it ever happened. After all, when it comes to a man's need to peek at other goods, a cocktail of ignorance and short-term memory could indeed be bliss.

That's why men need to wise up and stay off Facebook, which records a guy's every horn-fueled move, freezes it in time like a bug trapped in amber, and makes it impossible not to obsess over what the hell he's doing. I don't want to know that the guy I've been having sex with for two months is "now friends with" someone named Willow. I don't want to click on Willow's name and see a picture of her lying on the sand in a white bikini, Spitzer-hooker style. I don't want to get an e-mail alert that my guy has been "tagged in a photo" with his arm draped around a tank-topped blonde named Tara. And I don't want to see that Tara has captioned this photo "Sex and Bowling '09!" Especially when this event seems to have occurred the same night he said he was staying in with a bad case of eczema.

Then again, what *might* be helpful would be knowing that six months into our relationship he is still listing his status as "single." Because at that point I could log on to my profile and change my "favorite activity" to "dumping dudes via Facebook."—*Jessi Klein*

HER DIRTY LITTLE SECRET

"I love the idea of pretending to be a different person in bed, with wigs and outfits. It makes me feel like an irresistible, slutty temptress who gets her boyfriend to cheat." **Esther, 29**

"I have a fantasy about my yoga class becoming an orgy. As the instructor adjusts my poses, his hands travel farther down my body until we're going at it. Then everyone follows our lead." **Jaime, 28**

"When my gynecologist examines me, I sometimes imagine things getting downright kinky. Soon I'm straddling him on the table, and he's lost total control of our appointment." **Bella, 30**

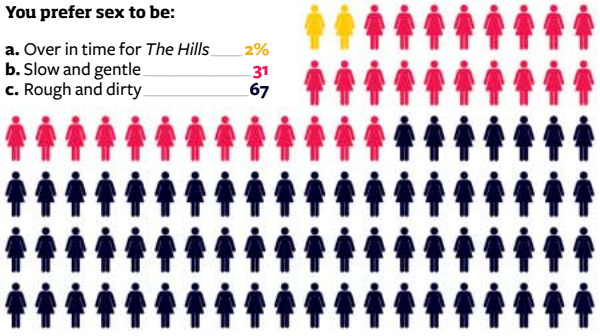
81

Percentage of women who want you to trim your hedges. Grab your clippers and get on it, Chewbacca.

"Shh! They're sleeping."

8 You prefer sex to be:

- **a.** Over in time for *The Hills* — 2%
- **b.** Slow and gentle — 31
- **c.** Rough and dirty — 67



9 If a man sleeps with you and then doesn't contact you the next day, you:

- **a.** Get the hint and move on — 37.9%
- **b.** Tell everyone you know that he's an asshole — 12.6
- **c.** Eat Pringles and guzzle vodka until you can't feel — 7.7
- **d.** Cut his eyes out in photographs — 0.1
- **e.** Fall in love with him — 1.2
- **f.** All of the above — 1.8
- **g.** None of the above — 38.5

10 How many sexual partners have you had?

- **a.** Zero — 1.1%
- **b.** 1–5 — 48
- **c.** 6–10 — 22.2
- **d.** 11–15 — 12
- **e.** 16–20 — 5.4
- **f.** 21–25 — 3.2
- **g.** 26–29 — 1.8
- **h.** 30–49 — 2.2
- **i.** 50–99 — 1.5
- **j.** 100+ (including Jenna Jameson–rivaling responses like 500, 700–800, and the awesomely skanky "too many to count") — 0.6

11 How do you wear your pubes?

- **a.** Full bush — 3.2%
- **b.** Trimmed bush — 34.7
- **c.** Landing strip — 23.7
- **d.** Totally bald — 35.8
- **e.** Hitler mustache — 2.4

12 How do you prefer a man's pubic hair?

- **a.** Full pube — 10.2%
- **b.** Trimmed — 80.6
- **c.** Totally shaved — 8.7
- **d.** Chemically straightened — 0.3

13 What is your favorite body part on a man?

- **a.** Shoulders — 20.3%
- **b.** Arms — 27.3
- **c.** Chest — 20.4
- **d.** Back — 11.8
- **e.** Stomach — 7.4
- **f.** Legs — 2.5
- **g.** Butt — 8.6
- **h.** Balls — 1.5
- **i.** Grundle — 0

14 What is the ideal penis size?

- **a.** 1–3 inches — 0.3%
- **b.** 4–6 inches — 48.9
- **c.** 7–9 inches — 49.5
- **d.** 10+ inches — 1.1

15 When it comes to age, you prefer to date men who:

- **a.** Are wet behind the ears — 6.6%
- **b.** Have hair growing out of their ears — 55.5
- **c.** Have working ears (your age) — 37.9

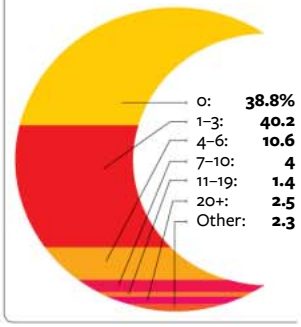
16 Have you ever made a sex tape?

- **a.** Yes — 23%
- **b.** No — 61.1
- **c.** Maybe I black out a lot. — 15.7

17 How many poor, clueless boyfriends have you cheated on?

- **a.** 0 — 31.4%
- **b.** 1 — 50.8
- **c.** 2 — 8.9
- **d.** 3 — 3.6
- **e.** More than 3 — 3.8

18 How many one-night stands have you had?



STYLING, ERIN TURON; HAIR, SAM LEONARDI FOR TRESEMMÉ AT RAYBROWNPRO.COM; MAKEUP, ELISA FLOWERS AT BERNSTEIN & ANDRIULLI FOR SMASHBOX X MAKEUP

"The sight of my own naked body turns me on. My ultimate fantasy is to have sex surrounded by mirrors, watching my body writhing around from multiple angles." **Marie, 25**

"I often fantasize about catching my man all over some naked girl. They're both shocked, and I'm pissed–but then they ask if I want to join in. So I strip down and climb into bed." **Nikki, 26**

"I want to have sex in the service elevator at work. I'd love to seduce a messenger who's only there to make a quick delivery. He'd leave, and I'd go back to my desk like nothing happened." **Katherine, 33**

"I've always wanted to go back to my grade-school playground and do it on the jungle gym or slide. There's something hot about doing totally filthy things in such innocent surroundings." **Lisa, 28**

"What do you mean you sold all my panties on eBay?"

Terms of Enspearment

Tongue Pro Quo Oral sex performed only to guilt partner into returning the favor.

Saggy Bagging Opting for a magnum condom when, let's be honest, the normal ones fit fine.

Résumé Builder Uncomfortable sex done just so you can say you did it. ("It hurt like hell, but just think—now we've fucked in a rabbit hutch!")

Whoopie Cushion Mood-killing noise resulting from suction between two naked bellies.

Man-iah Carey A man louder than his female partner during sex, with a tendency to vocalize dramatically.

Stubbling When a guy's and a girl's shaving results in prickly, abrasive sex that actually grates off the genitals.

WTFing Doing something so freaky there isn't even a Web site for it.

The Sigourney Wiener When a guy can climax only if *Ghostbusters* is on TV.

Turfucken A turkey stuffed with a duck stuffed with a chicken stuffed with a guy who should be arrested.

92

Percentage of women who think about their partner during sex, not that other guy with the way bigger penis.

19 During sex you think about:
- **a.** Your partner — **92%**
- **b.** A previous partner — **1.7**
- **c.** A friend or coworker — **2.3**
- **d.** Clive Owen — **3.9**
- **e.** Carrot Top — **0**

20 What is your favorite position?
- **a.** Missionary — **17.2%**
- **b.** Girl on top — **23.6**
- **c.** Doggie style — **31.9**
- **d.** Reverse cowgirl — **5.6**
- **e.** Other (including standing, spooning, engulfed in flames, and something called "the camel ride") — **13.5**
- **f.** All/Can't choose — **4.1**

21 What kind of porn is your favorite?
- **a.** Softcore (Skinemax) — **31%**
- **b.** Hardcore — **32.6**
- **c.** Gay — **2.7**
- **d.** Girl on girl — **19.8**
- **e.** Monkey on mannequin — **1.1**
- **f.** I hate all porn. — **12.6**

22 Which of the following activities is most likely to bring you to orgasm?
- **a.** Oral sex (receiving, that is) — **37.4%**
- **b.** Vaginal sex — **29.2**
- **c.** Masturbation — **28.5**
- **d.** I've never had an orgasm. — **4.7**

23 When you masturbate, you most often seek assistance from which of the following?
- **a.** A vibrator or dildo — **36.9%**
- **b.** Your hands — **55.5**
- **c.** A household object (Hello, Wii controller!) — **4.2**
- **d.** I usually just rub my body up against whatever's handy, kind of like a cocker spaniel that hasn't been spayed — **3.2**

24 How often do you masturbate?
- **a.** Daily — **12%**
- **b.** A few times a week — **41.2**
- **c.** A few times a month — **31**
- **d.** A few times a year — **12.7**
- **e.** Masturbation is the devil's work. — **2.9**

25 Have you had anal sex?
- **a.** Yes — **48.8%**
- **b.** Not yet — **17.6**
- **c.** Hell no, so don't even bother pulling that faux-accidental "oops, wrong hole" trick. — **33.4**

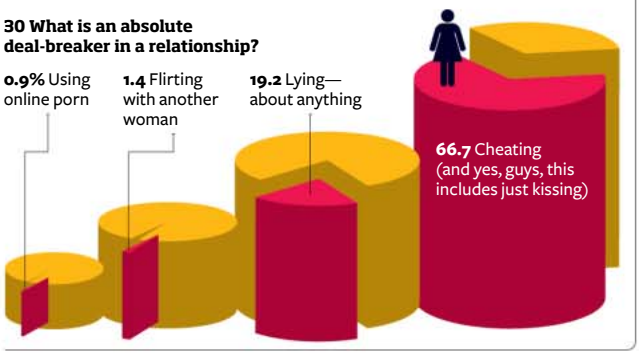
26 Have you ever lied about being on birth control?
- Yes — **6.5%**
- No — **93.5**

27 Have you ever lied about having an STD?
- Yes — **3.4%**
- No — **96.1**

28 How often do you demand a guy wear a condom?
- **a.** Every time I have sex — **43.7%**
- **b.** Every time I have sex sober — **7.6**
- **c.** Only if we haven't previously discussed his sexual history — **32.6**
- **d.** Only if we have one handy — **4.6**
- **e.** Never — **11.1**

29 What would you never do?
- **a.** Threesome — **8.3%**
- **b.** Facial — **3.6**
- **c.** Let someone pee on you — **62.1**
- **d.** Light a dude on fire — **25.8**

30 What is an absolute deal-breaker in a relationship?


0.9% Using online porn
1.4 Flirting with another woman
19.2 Lying—about anything
66.7 Cheating (and yes, guys, this includes just kissing)

PAGE 68, DAMARIS WHITE FLURRY BRA AND PANTY SET, WWW.DAMARIS.CO.UK. PAGE 69, VICTORIA'S SECRET PANTIES; LEIFSDOTTIR BLOUSE. PAGE 70, DAMARIS PANTY. PAGE 71, FREE PEOPLE HENLEY VERA WANG CHIFFON PANTIES

KAMISHA JANE BLOCK
SPC US ARMY
AUG 4 1987 AUG 16 2007
BRONZE STAR MEDAL
OPERATION IRAQI FREEDOM

Love and Death in Iraq

BY PETER WILKINSON
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERIC OGDEN

When the body of Spc. Kamisha Block was flown home to Texas, she was just one more casualty of the war in Iraq. But as her family started asking questions, they discovered that the truth behind Kamisha's death was far more tragic than they possibly could have imagined.

A DAY AFTER THE REMAINS OF SPECIALIST KAMISHA BLOCK CAME home from Baghdad, Jane Block went to the Memorial Funeral Home, in Vidor, Texas, a dirty-air dot on the map, 90 minutes east of Houston, deep in oil refinery territory and hard on the border with Louisiana. Jane wanted to make sure that Memorial's undertakers would adequately prepare her daughter's body for burial; the funeral service was going to be open-casket, and Jane wanted Kamisha to look the way she remembered her. Or at least as close as possible.

Although plenty of makeup had been applied to Kamisha's head and neck, Jane saw something she did not expect to see: a large, dark coloration on the lower right side of Kamisha's head. She thought the spot looked like a gunshot wound. That didn't make any sense: Army officials had told the Block family that Kamisha had been the victim of "friendly fire" while stationed at Camp Liberty on the outskirts of the Iraqi capital. No one said anything about Jane Block's 20-year-old daughter being shot in the head.

Two of those officials, in a tableau played out more than 4,000 times since George W. Bush ordered the invasion of Iraq in 2003, had driven up to the Blocks' well-kept double-wide trailer home in Vidor a few days before, late on the afternoon of August 17, 2007. Pulling into the driveway at the same time, Kamisha's younger sister, Shonta, 18, followed them to the house, where they summoned her mother, Jane, a nail salon technician, and her father, Jerry, a Vietnam War veteran in his mid-60s. Kamisha, the Blocks were told, had succumbed to a single gunshot wound to the chest, a round tragically fired by a fellow U.S. soldier in what was cryptically described as a "non-combat-related incident." Wailing with grief, Jane Block fled from the two strangers into her backyard.

But now, at the funeral home, examining the mark even heavy cosmetics couldn't quite obscure, Jane was suspicious: What had *really* happened to her daughter?

So began Jane Block's odyssey to discover the truth about Kamisha's death, a quest that would take relentless badgering of officials in the army, the National Guard, even Congress. The truth was worse than the Blocks could have imagined: Kamisha hadn't been killed by friendly fire on some dusty desert battlefield during a mission nobody could talk about; she had been murdered in the cramped metal trailer she'd occupied in Camp Liberty, shot not once in the chest, but five times. It would take a full half-year for the Blocks to uncover the facts behind a love affair gone abusively and tragically wrong, and the full extent of the army's efforts to cover it up.

Truth, it is said, is the first casualty of war. And so it was with Kamisha Block, a young woman who saw the U.S. military as her ticket out of a career waiting tables at a chain restaurant in a backwater Texas town in the shadow of the I-10 interstate.

In a case the army called friendly fire, Spc. Block was shot five times at close range.

* * * *

AS FAR BACK AS 2003, WHEN OPERATION Iraqi Freedom began, Kamisha Block was all for it, which wasn't much of a surprise. There never was much anti-Bush sentiment in Vidor, a collection of 11,000 souls living in shotgun shacks and mobile homes. Though she had rarely left Texas, the curvy, loquacious teenager with the high cheekbones and almond-shaped eyes dreamed of becoming an FBI agent. Kamisha, who cut a striking figure with her constantly changing hair color, attended Vidor AIM (Achieving Individual Mastery) Center High School, an institution for students who struggle in traditional public schools. Kamisha didn't date much; she'd attended ▶▶

her senior prom with a girlfriend. "Kamisha," her mother says, "was very particular about her men."

After graduating in 2005, Kamisha waited tables at the local Waffle House, where Vidorians stop daily for cheap coffee, a smoke, and a chat. Tips included, Kamisha cleared about $200 a week. Bored with the slow pace of life in Vidor, she decided to enlist in the army, determined to use it as a way to see the world, and then make a career in law enforcement. Hearing her daughter's intentions, Jane Block cried for three days. "Mom, I've got my mind made up," Kamisha announced. "Somebody has to do it. Freedom don't come free."

As a member of the Military Police, the 19-year-old was stationed for a year in Seoul, South Korea, where she peeled drunken soldiers off the streets and broke up fights in bars, even sustaining a stab wound in one altercation. Kamisha was proud of the silver badge she carried. According to a fellow MP, "Kamisha interacted very well, flirted, joked around, was never in a bad mood." Shonta Block says, "Kamisha loved Korea—the food, the lights, the crowds, the big city." It was her first time overseas.

Upon returning to the States in December 2006, Kamisha was assigned to the 401st Military Police Company, 720th Military Police Battalion, 89th Military Police Brigade, at Fort Hood in Killeen, Texas, a 340-square-mile post of 53,000 soldiers located just off Interstate 190, about halfway between Austin and Waco. It was there that Kamisha caught the eye of Staff Sergeant Paul Brandon Norris.

About six feet tall, stocky, with soft blue eyes, Norris, then 30 years old, went by his middle name and wore his light brown hair cut in a high fade. Growing up in Cullman, Alabama, a farming town of 15,000 people, Norris loved to fish and play soccer. He joined the army in 1995 right out of Holly Pond High School and headed to Bosnia for the first of three short tours there. Other postings followed: at the Pentagon in Washington, D.C. in 2001; at NATO headquarters in Brussels; in Germany in 2002; and later a year in Afghanistan and two tours in Iraq. His personal life was in disarray—Norris was going through a messy divorce, his two sisters had recently been killed in a car accident, and he was known to be prone to flights of anger. Still, Brandon Norris seemed exactly the brand of dedicated soldier the United States Army could rely on in dangerous wars around the globe.

Despite many warnings from superiors to steer clear of Spc. Block, Norris (at home in Alabama and in Iraq) obsessively pursued the affair.

Norris surveyed the sea of gyrating females at the club, fixating on Kamisha.

The soldiers of the 720th knew they would soon be deployed to Iraq; that's what the hours of grueling training at Fort Hood were preparing them for. So they enjoyed blowing off steam. One night, while still stationed in Killeen, a group of MPs met for a few beers at the Starlite Station, a two-level saloon and dance club that draws crowds of rowdy soldiers for its Military Appreciation Nights, held every Wednesday. Fellow soldiers recall Staff Sergeant Norris surveying the sea of gyrating females, fixating on one in particular. "Who is that?" Norris asked. "She's got a helluva set of tits on her, huh?" Within 15 minutes, Norris was headed downstairs in pursuit of Kamisha Block. Norris worked fast. After standing on the periphery, he approached Kamisha as she left the dance floor. They sat down to talk for about 30 minutes, then left the club together.

It wasn't long before rumors swept Fort Hood that Norris was breaking one of the most hard-and-fast regulations in the U.S. military: No messing around with female soldiers below your pay grade. Kamisha didn't tell her parents much about Norris. To her friends, though, she expressed how much she liked the handsome man 10 years her senior. Amanda Buck, a Pfc. with the 4th Psychological Operations Group in Fort Bragg, North Carolina, heard only good things about Norris. Buck knew Kamisha's mind well; they'd ridden the school bus together from kindergarten through high school.

Shortly before her scheduled deployment to Iraq in May 2007, Kamisha brought Norris home to meet her parents. It was a debacle. As Jane Block recalls, when Kamisha and her new boyfriend pulled up to the Blocks' double-wide, Norris refused to go in, so Jane and Jerry came out, and everybody drove over to a local restaurant for a brief lunch. There Norris continued his odd behavior, speaking only when spoken to.

"Take care of her," Jane Block said to Norris when they parted.

"Will do," he replied.

The strange encounter sounded alarm bells. Back at Fort Hood, Kamisha began to get a sense of Norris' consuming jealousy. One day, while packing up a truck, Kamisha had trouble lifting a box. A male corporal walked up to help and accidentally brushed her breast. According to a witness, an outraged Norris grabbed him by the collar and chewed out both the corporal and Kamisha. She complained to friends how "aggressive" Norris was with her, "in and out of bed."

Besides verbal abuse, Jane Block says, Staff Sergeant Norris also allegedly began physically abusing Kamisha: "He first assaulted her at Fort Hood. A friend of Kamisha's called me and said, 'He grabbed her by the throat and shoved her against a wall.'" No charges were ever filed.

"Norris was high-strung," recalls a fellow MP. "He was always shouting at soldiers."

Before leaving for Iraq, Norris stopped briefly in Cullman, Alabama to visit relatives, including his wife, Eva, who'd flown in from California with their four-year-old daughter, Bella. The couple had separated years before, and their divorce was on the verge of being finalized.

One of Norris' relatives recalls him mentioning Kamisha Block. "He said that legally they were not supposed to be dating, but that he loved her. He said she was a wonderful soldier and that he had so much respect for her. And then he told me that if something should happen to him, he wanted me to request that the military let her escort his body back to the United States."

* * * *

IN MAY 2007, BLOCK'S COMPANY SETTLED INTO CAMP LIBERTY, THREE miles from Baghdad International Airport, not far from the worst of the fighting in Sadr City. Four years after the invasion of Iraq, life for the occupying forces was as bad as ever. Thanks to overcrowding due to the recent surge in manpower, Kamisha and her company were billeted in tents rather than barracks. Growing up in eastern Texas, Kamisha knew what it was like to breathe refinery fumes every day, but life in Iraq was unhealthy in a whole new way. Kamisha had to adjust to a new

combination of pollutants: jet fuel, gasoline, sand, and dust 24/7. And that was before the shooting started.

Kamisha was made a driver, one of the most dangerous jobs available in Iraq. Whether behind the wheel of a truck or a Humvee, U.S. military drivers in Iraq are frequently ripped to shreds by roadside bombs and other IEDs. Some weeks Kamisha spent five or six days in the field, rattling around the desert in convoys, wondering if the next bump in the road would be her last.

About a month after arriving in Iraq, Block's unit moved from tents to portable trailers at Camp Liberty. They were tiny, windowless metal boxes, barely 15x15, designed more as storage units than for housing. Two soldiers bunked in each trailer, so privacy was nonexistent. The rest of the camp had more to offer: The sprawling base, founded in 2003, was a self-contained American city on Middle Eastern soil, with a population as high as 15,000. Equipped with a state-of-the-art gym and a Pizza Hut, Liberty is a favorite stop for touring country music acts and the stars of the WWE. Insurgent-fired rockets drop on the base at all hours of the day and night, most of them kicking up harmless plumes of sand, but occasionally a blast leads to more U.S. casualties.

It took Jane Block more than half a year to learn the facts about her daughter's death.

While the fighting dragged Kamisha down, it also fueled her patriotism. In one letter to her mom, Kamisha described the nature of the enemy she faced: "When they shoot at us, they don't worry if you're male or female, black or white or Hispanic. When they look at us, all they see is the American flag." In another, she considered the prospect of her own death. "If I fall, I don't ask to be honored or appreciated. I have earned something within myself, and that is something that can never be taken away from me."

There are two things Kamisha apparently never discussed with her mother: how Brandon Norris kept harassing her and how she felt about the deteriorating relationship. Kamisha could talk about war, but not about the man who presented the gravest threat to her well-being.

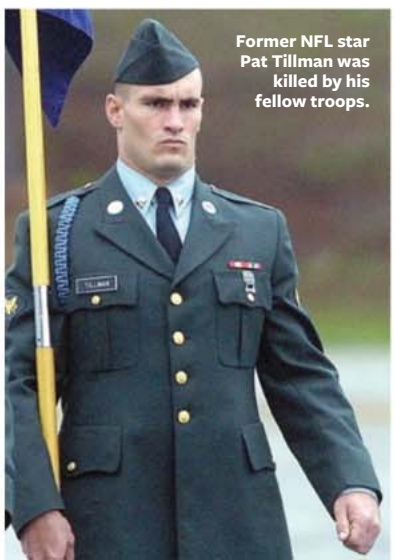
Norris had arrived at Camp Liberty in late June, several weeks after Kamisha. Within days she found herself transferred to Norris' 10-person squad. The word around Camp Liberty was that someone up the chain of command had done Norris a favor.

One day soon after the relocation from tents to trailers, a fellow soldier sat down with Kamisha for a smoke. The conversation came around to Norris. "You need to watch his temper, because I have seen him pissed, and it's not pretty." On several occasions, the soldier continued, Norris had flown off the handle about small matters, and it would be difficult to calm him down following these eruptions. Kamisha pulled on her Marlboro and didn't say much. "She was nonchalant about the whole thing," remembers the soldier. "She treated it like it didn't matter."

To those soldiers stationed under him, Norris seemed to have a knack for taking things too far. If Kamisha showed up somewhere on base, Norris more often than not appeared as well. "Every night, Norris would find some time to spend with Specialist Block, using the excuse that he 'couldn't sleep' or that he had 'a lot of problems and needed somebody to talk to,'" recalls one soldier in a sworn statement. "I made comments to Specialist Block's old squad leader that he should do something or say something, to tell Staff Sergeant Norris the relationship was getting out of hand. The squad leader would laugh it off and say, 'There's nothing I can do.'"

Norris' behavior took a toll on morale, already tenuous after the unit suffered a steady stream of injuries and fatalities. On July 15, 2007, a contingent of MPs, including Block and Norris, left Camp Liberty on a mission code-named "Gunfighter Surge" to train officers of the Iraqi police at one of their stations outside Baghdad. Several nights later, an IED destroyed a truck and injured three soldiers in one squad. The following day, an attack on a different squad left three soldiers dead. The company stood down for a few days. During that time a soldier approached Norris, saying, "Your relationship with Block is tearing the squad apart." Norris said nothing and walked away.

Several days later, on July 23, a senior officer confronted Brandon Norris, who flatly denied dating Kamisha. That same day a platoon sergeant sat down with Norris to discuss the "inappropriate relationship" ▶▶



Former NFL star Pat Tillman was killed by his fellow troops.

Unfriendly Fire

Sadly, intramilitary murder has a long and bloody history.

When one soldier kills another, it falls under a number of terms: fragging, blue on blue, friendly fire, or—as in the case of Brandon Norris and Kamisha Block—straight-up murder. From Charlie Sheen and Tom Berenger in *Platoon* to Martin Sheen and Marlon Brando in *Apocalypse Now,* it has long been a morbid source of fascination in popular culture as well as the press. It has also been a fact of life in wartime for thousands of years.

1 **14 A.D.** According to Tacitus, a Roman centurion named Lucilius, who too frequently broke his vine staff over the backs of his men, is murdered by his soldiers.

2 **1815** Two days before the Battle of Waterloo, Col. John Cameron of the 92nd Foot Regiment is shot and killed by a soldier he had flogged.

3 **1918** During World War I, a British sergeant who'd been bullying his men is evaporated by a powerful Mills bomb slipped into the back of his trousers.

4 **1914–18** Brigadier-General Frank Percy Crozier reveals in his memoirs that throughout WWI, British officers were sometimes shot for cowardice.

5 **1965–75** The term "fragging" is coined during the Vietnam War. Some historians believe there were as many as 1,016 incidents during the war.

6 **2004** Initial reports claimed that ex-NFL star Pat Tillman was killed by Taliban fighters; in truth he'd been killed by U.S. forces—three shots to the forehead.

and the allegation, from senior leaders, that he was showing Kamisha preferential treatment. In that meeting the counselor, who observed that "staff sergeants don't hang out with specialists," issued a stern warning: "This relationship must stop immediately. Specialist Block will be reassigned to 1st Squad, and if you have any business that needs to deal with Spc. Block, you will use the chain of command or the NCO [noncommissioned officer] support channel." Norris now knew the stakes of continuing his pursuit of Kamisha Block: He could be booted from the army he loved and earn an "under other than honorable conditions discharge," which could cost him benefits and eligibility for the G.I. Bill.

Norris seemed to shift his anger from potential rivals toward Kamisha herself, who, friends say, wanted to break things off with her increasingly hostile boyfriend. In the first week of August, Norris upbraided Kamisha publicly, as she stood by her Humvee talking with a male soldier. Norris rushed up to her. "What are you doing hanging around him?" he screamed, grabbing Kamisha by her right arm. When she tried to move away, Norris shouted, "Don't walk away when I'm talking to you!"

"You're not supposed to grab other soldiers like that," the male soldier protested.

"You need to stay out of this," a seething Norris replied. "This is between an NCO and a soldier."

The treacherous Camp Liberty (top) was a far cry from the Waffle House in Vidor, Texas, where Kamisha had worked.

* * * *

MENTALLY AND PHYSICALLY SPENT AFTER A WEEKLONG MISSION IN northern Iraq, Kamisha dumped her filthy gear in corner room #15-255-C, the metal box she shared with another female soldier, Danielle Jennings, at Camp Liberty. It was August 15, 2007, a few days before Shonta's 19th birthday. Kamisha placed a call home to Vidor and spoke with her sister for a few minutes. Later, as Kamisha headed to the showers, a soldier inquired about Brandon Norris. After all the crap she'd taken from him, Kamisha seemed resolute. "Shit's gonna change," she said.

Meanwhile, Norris appeared at a base hospital, complaining of "a possible heart problem." At a platoon meeting that afternoon, according to other soldiers, Norris seemed out of sorts, distant; he paid little attention to the briefing that was under way.

Around 5:40 P.M. the next day, Brandon Norris knocked on the door of Kamisha's trailer. With a blank look in his eyes, he asked Kamisha's roommate, Danielle Jennings, if he could be alone with Kamisha. Jennings grabbed her tennis shoes and cigarettes and stepped outside.

According to the investigative report, what happened next took place too fast for Jennings to immediately respond. First she heard a barrage of profanities yelled by Norris, followed by a volley of gunshots. Throwing open the door in a panic, Jennings found Kamisha kneeling on her bed, physically unharmed but sobbing hysterically, while Norris stood over his cowering girlfriend, his 9 mm Beretta aimed at point-blank range. In an apparent effort to terrorize the young woman who had rejected him, Norris had fired into the metal walls of her quarters, the gunshots echoing in the tight confines of the trailer.

"Staff Sergeant Norris, what the fuck are you doing?" Jennings shouted.

Norris wheeled and pointed the Beretta at Jennings, who jumped behind a nearby barrier, then ran for help. It was too late. Inside trailer #15-255-C, Norris unloaded, shooting Kamisha Block five times, including rounds to her shoulder, chest, and head. Then, as his girlfriend lay on the floor of her trailer mortally wounded, Brandon Norris turned the gun on himself, putting a single bullet into the right side of his head. Medics who arrived minutes later found Norris dead at the scene and Kamisha, her pulse weak, wheezing, with a sucking chest wound. Blood had darkened her tan T-shirt. A few minutes later at Camp Liberty Troop Medical Clinic, Kamisha Jane Block was pronounced dead.

* * * *

ON AUGUST 23, AFTER KAMISHA'S BODY WAS FLOWN BACK TO TEXAS, a funeral procession traveled from Southeast Texas Regional Airport through Vidor. Seventy-five members of the Texas Patriot Guard Riders, a veterans motorcycle group, led the way. The motorcade moved along U.S. 69 to Martin Luther King Jr. Parkway and then north onto Vidor's Main Street. Hundreds of people lined the route carrying American flags. Others came out of their homes and businesses to watch, silently.

Five days later Brandon Norris, who spent 12 years serving his country, was buried next to his sisters in Cullman, Alabama. On the day his

Hey Kamisha,

I am sitting here at the barracks wishing I could see you...I spend most of my time daydreaming about me and you. The feeling inside my body when I get to see you again...I wonder like you said "has anyone loved like you love me"...When I asked myself that questions [*sic*] the first couple I thought of was your mom and dad. Then I wonder where me and you will be living when we are their age.

Which brings me to the reason of this letter. This is for you if something happens to me. I hope you never have to read this but we are in a volatile place.

I love you and I want you to know that if your [*sic*] reading this its [*sic*] because I am gone. I am sorry that we could not enjoy each other forever liked [*sic*] we had talked about.

This is very hard to write, I am sure its [*sic*]harder for you to read but I want you to know how you made me feel...I think about what I would do if something happened to you and it makes me so sick to my stomach that I almost vomit then I start to cry because I lost the one thing that makes me a person...You will always have my heart even if I am gone so cherish it please...I am so sorry my love I hope you will forgive me for leaving you with a broken heart, I hope I died in a respectable way tell all the guys I am sorry and I hope I was a great leader

Eternal Love
Brandon
Bye Kamisha

Inside the Mind of a Murderer

The letter Norris left for Kamisha Block in the event of his death reveals a love going bad.

widow received two footlockers full of personal effects from Iraq, Eva Norris posted a message to her husband's guest book on legacy.com. "I can't stop crying, it's so painful," she wrote. "Bella started to cry today on the way home from school, that she wanted her daddy because I told her Daddy's things came home…The last time I talked to him, two days before he died, he said, 'Make sure Bella knows who her father is,' and I said, 'Of course I will. You are the only father she has and will ever have.'"

* * * *

TWO DAYS BEFORE KAMISHA BLOCK'S FUNERAL, the Associated Press ran a story about her death, stating that, according to military officials, she died in "a non-combat-related incident." It was the same story told to the Block family, one that might have stood had Jane Block not noticed the poorly concealed gunshot wound on the side of her daughter's head. A day or two after laying Kamisha to rest, Jane Block called Patricia Unsell, a Texas National Guard master sergeant who'd been assigned to help the Blocks with funeral arrangements and to make sure Kamisha's belongings in Iraq made it back to Vidor.

Eighteen months after her funeral (top), Kamisha Block's family has finally gained some closure over the army's cover-up.

"I think Kamisha was shot more than once," Jane told her.

"Do you want me to find out for you?" Unsell asked. "Do you *really* want to know?"

"I have to know," Jane replied.

Unsell contacted army investigators in Iraq and reported back a few days later: Kamisha had been shot five times by fellow soldier Brandon Paul. Jane and Jerry puzzled over this new information. "This just doesn't sit right," Jane told Jerry. "What kind of a last name is 'Paul'?" Jane called Unsell yet again and demanded the killer's full name. It was Paul Brandon Norris. Jane gasped. "Once I found out it was him, I knew it was murder," she recalls.

Though Jane Block, through her own determined pursuit, now knew the basic facts about her daughter's murder, it would be six months before the army revealed significant details of its investigation into the killing. "Every hour that we waited," Jane says, "felt like a year."

"The army wants us to forget the whole thing," says Jane Block. "They're at fault."

While the Blocks chose to keep the truth about Kamisha's death quiet throughout the agonizing half-year that they awaited the report, they never stopped pressing the authorities. As Jane recalls, "It drove us crazy. When we talked to one person, they'd tell us something, and we'd talk to another, and they'd tell us something else. And then we get the report, and half of it is blacked out. I was very angry about that."

The contents of the army's investigative report pertaining to Kamisha Block's death have never been publicly revealed until now. Issued by the U.S. Army Criminal Investigation Command, the report was FedExed to the Block home in Vidor in February 2008. The names and ranks of witnesses and CID agents are redacted, and some investigative files have been inexplicably withheld, including the results of a toxicology screen conducted on Brandon Norris' body.

The army's report does not draw many conclusions about Kamisha's murder, though it does shed some light on what may have sent Norris over the edge. In 2007 he told a family member he hadn't slept more than two hours a night in over a year. Investigators found what appeared to be anabolic steroids in his footlocker, which may explain his mood swings. Also in the footlocker were mementos of the affair, including a five-page letter from Norris to Kamisha in the event he was killed in combat (excerpted on p. 76). The letter paints a portrait of a man hopelessly and obsessively in love.

But beyond these clues, the interviews conducted by the Army Criminal Investigation Division in Iraq, Texas, Alabama, and elsewhere seemed, to the Blocks, to be cursory and half-hearted. Many of the witnesses claim they never knew of an affair. "The army was more worried about the romantic relationship than what they were going to do about Norris," Jane Block says. "All questions were about the relationship, not about how he was hurting Kamisha, mentally and physically."

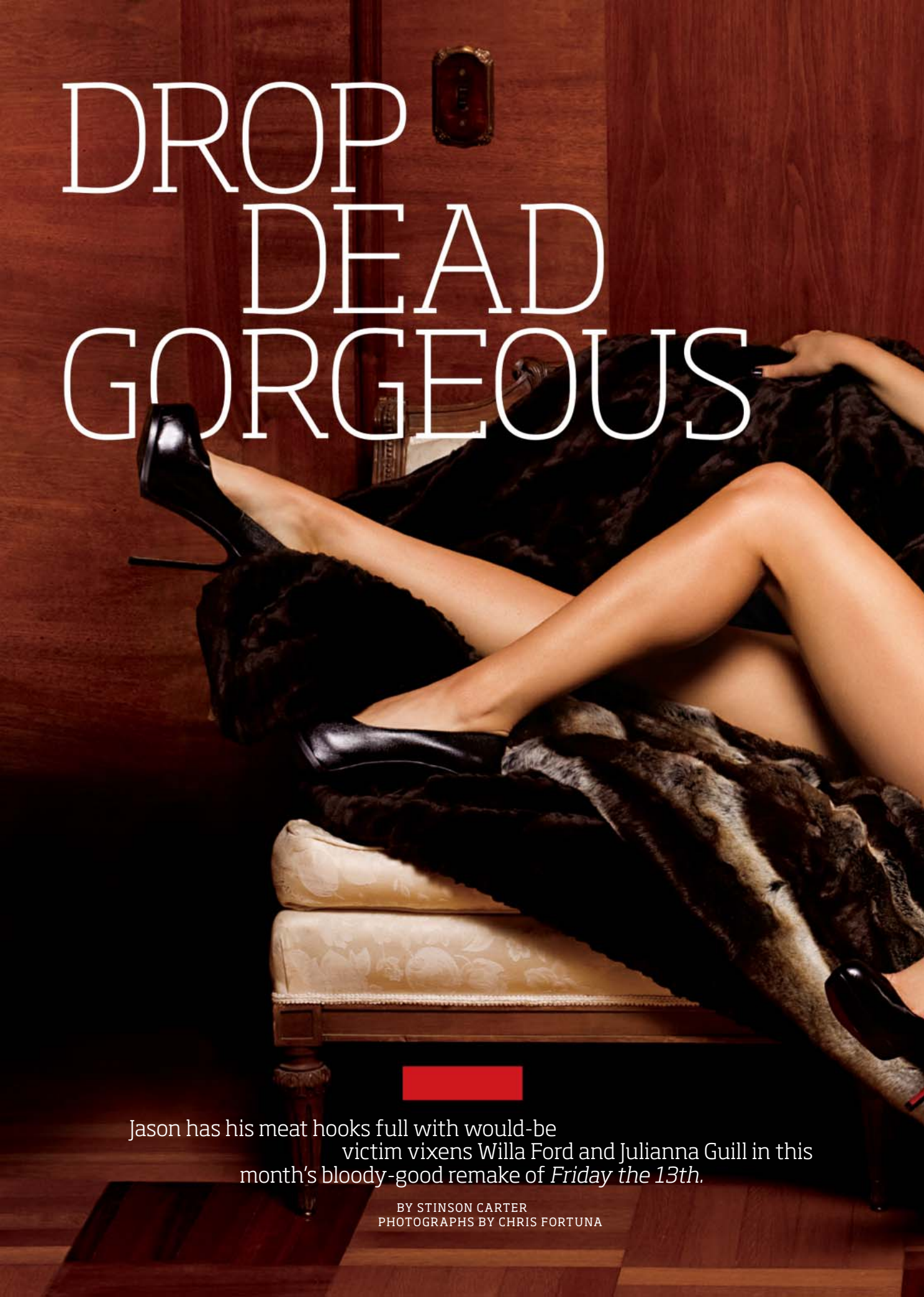
Now that the Blocks had at least some of the details, they were ready to take Kamisha's story public. "Between the funeral and the six months we were waiting, the local media kept calling, wanting to know what happened and how," Jane says. "After the report came, I finally called them. I figured if this is the way the army wants to treat us, I'm gonna let people know about it." The Blocks went to SETX, the local Fox affiliate, and then the local paper, *The Beaumont Enterprise*, picked up the story.

By the summer of 2008, as the truth of Kamisha's death spread, a sense of outrage emerged over the army's failure to protect one of their own—and their efforts to cover it up. On military message boards such as PatriotGuard.org and Forums.Military.com, angry commenters lashed out ("Calling this 'friendly fire'…was a bald-faced lie intended to quiet the fact that the army didn't protect this woman.") In the meantime, Kamisha's cause had been taken up by Congressman Kevin Brady, a sixth-term Republican who represents the 8th District of Texas.

Last fall Congressman Brady sent a letter to Gordon S. Heddell, the inspector general of the Department of Defense. In it Brady expressed the Block family's dissatisfaction with the army's report and drew Heddell's attention to the fact that certain parts were withheld. The letter, which stressed the Blocks' allegation that the army had ignored the abuse of their daughter, also included the names of soldiers who'd known Kamisha and Norris but were not interviewed as part of the probe. In late October, Heddell agreed to conduct a fresh investigation. It was a major victory for Jane and Jerry Block.

"The army's initial handling of Kamisha's death has brought much added pain to her parents, who are decent, good-hearted people who just want some answers," says Congressman Brady. "Jerry and Jane simply don't believe the report is complete, and I can understand why. We just want to get to the bottom of this."

Sitting with her husband in their living room in Vidor, with its carefully arranged shrine to their daughter's life and service, Jane is finally gaining some closure. The Blocks still have questions, and they want accountability. With this new investigation they may finally get it. "Kamisha did not get the protection she needed," says Jane. "The army wants us to forget the whole thing. They're at fault. I want somebody to admit to mistakes, and I want somebody to be held responsible." ●



DROP DEAD GORGEOUS

Jason has his meat hooks full with would-be victim vixens Willa Ford and Julianna Guill in this month's bloody-good remake of *Friday the 13th*.

BY STINSON CARTER
PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRIS FORTUNA

(from left) **Marlies Dekkers** bra and thong; **Christian Louboutin** heels. **Damaris Spherical** bra and thong; **YSL** heels.

JULIANNA GUILL

DESCRIBE YOUR CHARACTER, BREE, IN *FRIDAY THE 13TH.*
She's all about having a good time, but she has a vindictive streak. She knows what she wants, and nothing will get in her way.

IS THAT A SIDE OF YOU WE DON'T KNOW ABOUT?
I haven't used my sexuality as much in real life as Bree does. I could have done so my whole life, but I haven't. She's more outgoing and freer than I am. I can do a *Maxim* shoot and be supersexy, but I'm also just a 21-year-old girl, and I look 17 sometimes.

IN THE ORIGINAL, COUPLES ARE PUNISHED FOR SHACKING UP.
Sex and punishment aren't linked like in the first movie.

WHAT OTHER FILM PROJECTS DO YOU HAVE GOING?
My cheerleader part in *Fired Up* is really funny. And I just did an independent that is going to be great. It's called *Five Star Day*, and it stars Jena Malone.

IF YOU WEREN'T AN ACTRESS, WHAT WOULD YOU BE?
I'd either be a homicide detective or an ER doctor. I may have missed the boat for the ER, but I could still go into homicide. I was on *CSI*, after all.

WILLA FORD

DO YOU GET TO LIVE FOR A WHILE IN *FRIDAY THE 13TH*?
It depends on what "for a while" means. Jason picks people off one by one, so you're kind of in a lineup.

WHAT IS DIFFERENT ABOUT THE ORIGINAL AND THE NEW ONE?
The idea was to make this more real. Like, this guy Jason could really exist. He's not as supernatural as he's been in the past. So the idea that we'd be damsels in distress is kind of over.

HOW ARE YOU SIMILAR TO YOUR CHARACTER, CHELSEA?
She's like I was when I was 20. Chelsea's just fun. She's a shock-value girl, the kind you want to go have beers with.

WE KNOW YOU HOOFED IT ON *DANCING WITH THE STARS.* DO YOU EVER PUT YOUR FOOT IN YOUR MOUTH?
I've had both legs in my mouth. Now, at 27, I think before I speak. I've just matured.

HOW HAS YOUR IMAGE CHANGED?
I'm now more about romantic beauty. The dominatrix thing is over. You never look as good in person as you do in *Maxim*, but it's fun. It's all like a fantasy.

STYLING, ERIN TURON; HAIR, JOHN RUGGIERO FOR CELESTINEAGENCY.COM; MAKEUP FOR FORD, SCOTT MCMAHAN FOR WARREN-TRICOMI MANAGEMENT USING MAC PRO COSMETICS; MAKEUP FOR GUILL, GARRET GERVAIS FOR M.A.C. COSMETICS AT MARGARETMALDONADO.COM; MANICURE, TRACEY SUTTER FOR CLOUTIERAGENCY.COM

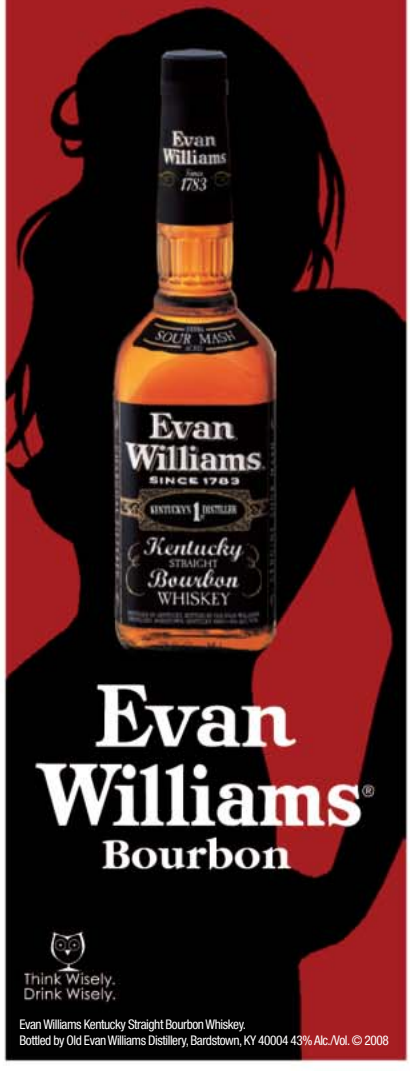
"I'm about romantic beauty. The dominatrix thing is over."

The first 1,000 Verizon Wireless customers to text WILLA to 89873 receive a FREE wallpaper of this picture. (Offer applies to Verizon Wireless customers only. Standard text messaging rates apply.)

(opposite page) **Haute by Carol Malony** bra and panty; **Pleasure State** wrap; **Agent Provocateur** waist-cincher. (this page) **Pleasure State** panty.

The votes are in. Maxim readers have spoken.

Log on to **evanwilliams.com** to see the next Evan Williams Girl.



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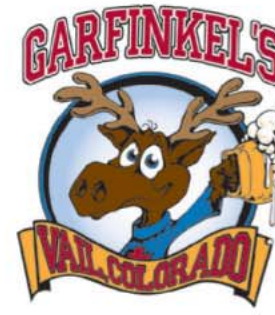

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PAGE 84
GUY KNOWLEDGE
THE ULTIMATE ST. PATRICK'S DAY SURVIVAL GUIDE

PAGE 86
SPORT
BUY A MOTOR RACE TEAM ON THE CHEAP—SERIOUSLY

PAGE 88
FITNESS
GET IN OLYMPIC SHAPE NOW FOR YOUR SPRING SKI TRIP!

EXPERT

{EXTRAORDINARY ADVICE FOR EVERYDAY LIFE}

Detroit Rockin' City!

Heading to D-Town for the NCAA Final Four? These spots are a slam dunk.

So you're Motown-bound for the Big Dance April 4–6? Not to worry! Detroit offers much more than just a struggling auto industry and one of the nation's highest murder rates. From awesome strip clubs to amazing indie rock venues and colossal casinos, this Rust Belt capital is a blue-collar bastion of after-dark debauchery. So when you're not sitting courtside, use this handy guide to quench all your Detroit-related desires...except your plan to get free drinks by pretending you're Tito Jackson. We've already tried, and it doesn't work!

THE INDIE ROCK CLUB
The Magic Stick
From the White Stripes to the Dirtbombs, every band from Detroit's storied garage-rock scene has jammed at this pool hall-cum-indie rock mecca. (This is the spot where Jack White infamously beat down rival local rocker and Von Bondies frontman Jason Stollsteimer.) On any given night, the Stick hosts earsplitting, MC5-inspired local acts alongside national headliners. Says Ben Blackwell, the Dirtbombs' drummer, "It's the place to hear loud-ass music any night of the week." *majesticdetroit.com*

THE HIP-HOP HAVEN
Saint Andrew's Hall
If you've seen *8 Mile*, this crucible of Detroit hip-hop needs no introduction. For everyone else, SAH is the ghetto-fabulous venue where Eminem earned his MC battle cred, launching his career and marking his string of doomed marriages to what's-her-name. Located in arguably the worst 'hood in the U.S., this three-floor club is a sea of nonstop booty shaking on the weekends. Tip: Leave your nunchucks at home—no-neck bouncers give full pat-downs at the door. Hot! *livenation.com*

THE DIVE BAR
The Old Miami
Once the haunt for local heroes Iggy Pop and the Stooges, this swillery was opened in 1975 by Dan Overstreet as a hangout for his fellow Nam vets. Note: The Miami's décor—fading military bric-a-brac, walls of peeling bumper stickers—is the real deal, not ordered from a catalog. Old and new soldiers, punk rockers, and assorted alcoholics jam the place for $2.50 cans of Milwaukee's Best and $3 pints of Motor City Ghetto Blaster ale. The bar's credo: "Gettin' everyone drunk." Sold! *(313)831-3830*

THE STRIP CLUB
Cheetah's of Windsor
Just a five-minute cab ride from Ford Field lies the wondrously depraved paradise that is Windsor, Ontario, which boasts a drinking age of 19, legal prostitution (as long as it's in a hotel room), fatty Cuban cigars in ample supply, and a bevy of all-nude jiggle joints. Dubbed "the Windsor Ballet," this cluster of strip clubs offers "full contact" lap grinding. We like Cheetah's, with its unusually hot girls and largely disease-free bargain-rate private rooms. *cheetahsofwindsor.com*

THE CASINO
Caesars Windsor
Just a drunken stumble from Windsor's strip of sin is this 100,000-square-foot gambling mecca. Odds are the same as in Vegas, the sports book has private flat-screen booths, and unnervingly attractive French-Canadian waitresses deliver free booze whether you win or lose. But wait, there's more! Caesars is hosting daily no-limit Texas Hold 'Em tournaments in April to ensure you leave town totally broke. Hey, worst case, you pick up a shift at Cheetah's, right? *caesarswindsor.com*

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMIE SNEDDON

St. Patrick's Day Survival Guide

How to fearlessly master the drunkiest holiday ever!

FACT ATTACK!

Irish law ordered that pubs be closed on March 17—until 1995, when lawmakers realized they could cash in on thirsty, fanny-packed tourists.

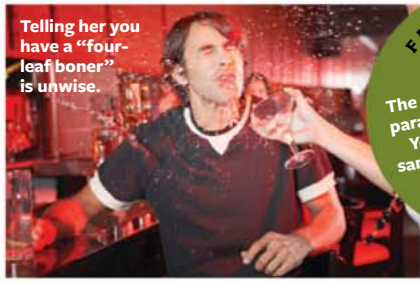
1 Barstool Smarts

To avoid your annual St. Paddy's face-smashing, memorize our barroom-brain translations and keep your teeth!

The gaffe: You puke on a scary dude with a neck tat.
The sauce says: "Hey, thug life, if I'd known that bothered you, I'd never have pissed in your purse."
You say: "Sorry, kind sir. Bad reaction to the chemo."

The gaffe: You hit on another guy's lady.
The sauce says: "What's the difference between your girlfriend and an Irish field? I don't know, either, but I'll tell you this: She's a whore!"
You say: "Forgiveness, boy-o, she reminded me of me old sweetheart...before the famine got her."

The gaffe: You're out of cash when the tab comes.
The sauce says: "See this KISS ME, I'M IRISH button? That means I drink free, dickhole."
You say: "Apologies. I'll hit the ATM. In the meantime, go ahead and treat yourself to a shepherd's pie on me!"



Telling her you have a "four-leaf boner" is unwise.

FACT ATTACK!

The first St. Patrick's Day parade took place in New York City in 1762. The same cheap green plastic top hats have been worn ever since.

2 Gulp a Guinness

The Emerald Isle's favorite brew isn't just for Irish Car Bombs, laddie!

1. Despite its thick and hearty feel, Guinness has fewer calories than Budweiser. Not that we care!

2. At 4.2 percent, Guinness actually has less alcohol than most U.S. beers, which clock in at about five percent.

3. In Ireland they say a pint should be drained in seven swigs, leaving seven foam rings (laces) inside the glass. Hey, even hunched-over barflies need standards!

A nation of red-haired alcoholics can't be wrong.

3 Scoring on St. Patrick's Day

A primer for charming her pants off on the booziest night of the year.

March 17 doesn't have to end with you shedding leprechaun tears at last call. It *is* possible for you to brandish your shillelagh in front of a real, live woman if you keep these seduction tips in mind.

Spotlight Her Style
Resist your booze-addled brain's urge to blurt, "You're so hot, I can't feel my hands." Not gonna work, weirdy! Focus on something she's wearing. "I really like your shoes" is oddly effective. "If she's at a bar, she took time picking her outfit, handbag, nail polish—start there. It shows her you're paying attention," says sex therapist Victoria Zdrok, Ph.D.

Show Potential
Even when prowling for a one-night stand, women pick guys who offer the potential for a relationship, says Eve Marx, author of *101 Things You Didn't Know About Sex*. Don't tell her you want to marry her on a mountaintop; do show her you've got an eye on the future. "Whether you're focused on your career, a vacation, or even lunch, forward-looking men are attractive," says Marx.

Pick a Fight
It can be tempting to keep your conversation conflict-free in the hopes your deference will lead to some blarney bonin'. "That's when a guy goes from interesting to boring," says Amber Madison, author of *Hooking Up*. It's a good idea to playfully disagree with her on *something*. It engages and ups her testosterone—the same hormone that spikes during foreplay, broseph!

Get Friendly
"Introduce her to whomever you know in the bar, from the bartender to your friends," says Madison. It'll confirm you're not a dangerous sociopath. "The inclusion will make her feel infinitely more at ease." And, no, the pet monkey you left in the car doesn't count.

4 The Irish Pub Picker

Use this chart to find out where you'll humiliate yourself on March 17.

	Bar Name	Bar Sign	Bar Scene
1	Ends with "Public House"	Irish harp	Has *The Joshua Tree* on the jukebox and "Irish breakfast" on the $15.99 brunch menu. Bring Mom.
2	The "Blarney"-something	Grinning leprechaun holding a foamy beer mug	Glassy-eyed dudes in Notre Dame caps getting shamrock-faced on gallons of green beer.
3	Disturbing use of "Mc" prefix (e.g., "Drunky McStagger's," "Tipsy McPukesalot's")	Crying leprechaun vomiting a rainbow	Old men at bar who reek of BenGay and whiskey weep loudly to "It Was a Very Good Year."

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HOW TO Buy a Race Team...on a Budget!

Can't raise the quarter-billion it takes to field a Formula One outfit? No problem! If you have a need for speed, there's a motor sport league for your income bracket. Get ready to burn through what's left of your 401(k).

1 Lawn Mower League

With our visiting friends from South of the Border tending lawns and shrubs these days, what's a man with a mower to do? Simple: Remove the ankle-chopping blades, trick out the motor, and race other blade runners around a dirt track. "When it comes to your rig, the best mower for racing is a free one," says Aaron Crowl, founder of ARMA. "The guy who spends $5,000 on a mower isn't going to be any better than you on your Craftsman." Keeping your costs low is essential, as the biggest prize on the mower circuit is a crappy $10 trophy. *golawnmowerracing.com*

Circuit Cheat Sheet
The circuit: American Racing Mower Association (ARMA)
Start-up costs: $400 for modifications to the ride-on mower in your garage
Top speed: 90 mph (seriously)

Sprint Cars

The ASCS is like a farm system for big-league NASCAR, and it's your chance to race the goofiest cars this side of a tractor pull—the ASCS's weird, winged sprint vehicles. You can build a pretty competitive team for $150,000, but the tab climbs as you factor in extras like food and car trailers. Expenses run $300 per race, and the series champ takes home a $50,000 purse. Again, to slam the brakes on spending, be your own driver, says the ASCS's Tommie Estes Jr. "If you know what you're doing and you're the driver, you can come out a little better than even." And isn't driving a ridiculous-looking vehicle the whole point anyway? *ascsracing.com*

Circuit Cheat Sheet
The circuit: American Sprint Car Series (ASCS)
Start-up costs: $150,000 for two cars, a truck and basic trailer, spare tires, and a crew
Top speed: 120 mph

Fat Tires

At the **Daytona 500** on February 15, drunk, shirtless fans scarfed an estimated 32,000 hot dogs, 20,000 burgers, and zero salads.

Moto Racing

Motorcycle racing offers all the amped-up rpms of car racing without those emasculating seat belts. Maintenance is cheaper, too; an engine overhaul is only necessary once a year, according to Scott Carpenter, seven-time WERA national champion. Race winnings and sponsorships will be scarce unless you manage to land some top-15 rankings. Still, contact your bike's manufacturer; some stake skilled pro newcomers with a few grand for expenses and entry fees. When you get your expert license (it requires a full year as a novice, then placing in the top 10 in points in your region) and start winning, you'll be looking at million-dollar sponsorships for a measly four-figure investment. Plus, the WERA groupies are way hotter than the sad, lonely women who follow lawn mower racing. *wera.com*

Circuit Cheat Sheet
The circuit: Western Eastern Roadracing Association (WERA)
Start-up costs: $5,000 for bike, safety gear, once-a-year engine overhaul, and life insurance policy
Top speed: 196 mph

NASCAR West

Unless you can pony up the $120 million it takes to carry a 100-employee NASCAR Sprint Series team, NASCAR West is your best option. West has fewer races (which is much easier on your wallet), and you can make cash in prize money and sponsorships if you score some top finishes, says Randy Lynch, the 2007 NASCAR West Series champion owner. "It's $250,000 to run in the back," he says, "double or triple that to win or run in the front." The cost of fuel, hauler, and moving and feeding a dozen people each race can be expensive. "But if you place or win, man, the money will come," says Lynch. As will rarely seen relatives looking for a cut of your newfound wealth! *racingwest.com*

Circuit Cheat Sheet
The circuit: NASCAR West
Start-up costs: $500,000 for two cars, a truck, a trailer, spare tires, a crew, a pit manager, a driver, and a *Days of Thunder* DVD
Top speed: 210 mph

ILLUSTRATIONS, BRYAN CHRISTIE DESIGN

Al DeDona
Sludge Victim
2002 Truck

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Peak Conditioning

Steal this simple workout from the U.S. Olympic Ski Team and become the strongman of the slopes.

You book the big spring ski trip, blow a wad of cash on gear, and head to the hills ready to shred. But after clocking a few hours on the slopes, your flabby muscles are throbbing with pain and your weekend of extreme mountain molesting becomes an embarrassing Advil bender. To whip you into ski-stud shape fast, we asked Christa Riepe, trainer for the U.S. Men's Alpine Ski Team, to create the ultimate slope-inspired workout. Not a skier or a snowboarder? No worries: This 10-minute total-body routine will jack up your jiggly man-flesh even if your favorite sport is operating a TiVo!

Even worse, he realized he forgot to apply Chapstick that morning.

Single Leg Romanian Dead Lift

The Target
Your hammies, bro. Boomin' hamstrings will give you more control when you tuck, carve, or drop-kick annoying toddlers off the bunny slope.

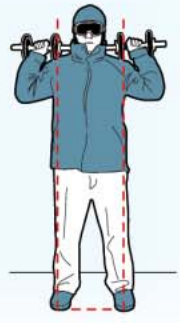
Step 1
While holding a dumbbell in your right hand, stand on your left leg with your free leg slightly off the ground. Be sure to keep a slight bend in your left knee—you'll prevent injury and get more out of this move, says Riepe.

Step 2
Bend forward at your hip until both your free leg and your beer belly are parallel to the floor. Next, reverse and go back to your flamingo stance, keeping your free foot off the ground. That's one rep. After 12 reps, switch the dumbbell to the other hand and repeat on the other leg. Do three sets on each leg. Feeling dizzy? There's a puke bucket in the corner, Nancy.

Dumbbell Squat to Push Press

The Target
Quads, shoulders. Both will provide flexibility and protection when you bite it...or fall off the chairlift.

Step 1
Hold dumbbells above your shoulders. (Fun fact: "Dumbbell" isn't named after an IQ-challenged gym rat. Before biker shorts, strongmen pumped church bells. To avoid annoying the nuns, they muted the ringers, making them "dumb.")



Step 2
Squat until your thighs are parallel to the floor. Press the dumbbells up above your head, and don't worry that you look kind of ridiculous. Then lower them down to your shoulders. Finally, push down through your heels to stand up. That's one rep. Do three sets of 12. Incidentally, we like to do this in front of a full-length mirror while wearing long johns. It just feels right!

Wood Chopper & Reverse Wood Chopper

The Target
The core. It'll boost your balance when you hit the slopes and help you negotiate ice when you drunkenly stumble home from the ski lodge.

Step 1
Stand next to a cable stack machine with a straight bar. Keeping your abs tight, pull the rope down and across your body in an arc, then return to the starting position. Do 12 reps, then repeat on the other side.

Step 2
Put the rope on a low pulley and repeat, this time pulling up and across until your arms are completely extended. Do three sets of 12. By the time you get to your third set, you'll experience a burning sensation worse than the time you generously powdered your "boys" with Gold Bond. Enjoy your new status as master of the mountain!

Spring Flings

Where the skiing is cheap and the shredding is easy!

1 WEST COAST
Alpine Meadows, Lake Tahoe, CA
While the spring break masses are clogging Squaw, we'll be one peak over at Alpine, tearfully admiring its stunning views of Lake Tahoe. *skialpine.com*

2 EAST COAST
Whiteface Lake Placid, NY
Home of two Winter Games, Whiteface gets snow all spring. When not on the slopes, shoot the Olympic bobsledding course—preferably nude. *whiteface.com*

3 THE ROCKIES
Sun Valley, Idaho
One of the most underrated ski resorts in the U.S., Sun Valley's Ole Baldy has hardly any wind, making it ideal for bare-chested snowboarding. *sunvalley.com*

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STYLE

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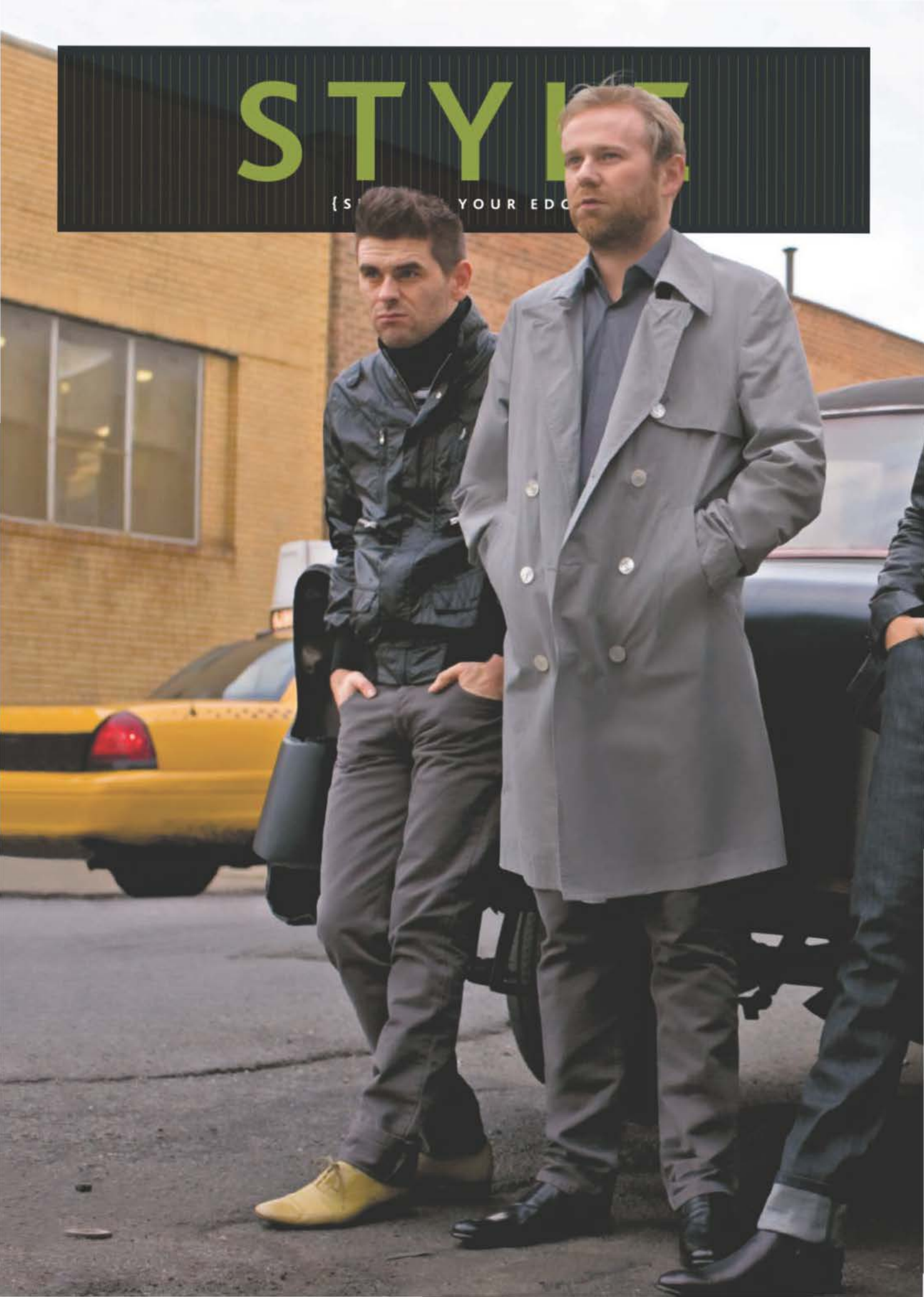

(from left) **Five Four** jacket, $198; **Club Monaco** sweater, $99; **Levi's** jeans, $48; stylist's shoes.

Michael Bastian trench, $2,625; **Diesel Black Gold** shirt, $250; **Diesel** jeans, $200; **John Varvatos** boots, $498.

Dior Homme jacket, $5,085; **John Varvatos** shirt, $198, and boots, $475; **Diesel** jeans, $230.

Kenneth Cole trench, $295; **Zachary Prell** shirt, $165; **John Varvatos** pants, $498, and boots, $645.

Vive La Franz

As Franz Ferdinand release their third album, the sharp-dressed Scots talk girls gone wild, looking good on the dance floor, and life as Kanye's favorite Britpop band.

BY ROB SHEFFIELD PHOTOGRAPHS BY JELLE WAGENAAR STYLING BY MARK ANTHONY

Ted Baker suit, $995; **Marc by Marc Jacobs** sweater, $198; **John Varvatos** boots, $475.

John Varvatos jacket, $1,195.

DDCLAB jacket, $1,450; **Levi's** jeans, $60; **Lacoste** polo, $110; **Marc by Marc Jacobs** shoes, $470.

Banana Republic blazer, $198; **French Connection** pants, $118; **Filippa K** shirt, $150.

GROOMING, GREG B. FOR DE FACTO USING KIEHL'S. FOR BUYING INFORMATION, SEE PAGE 94.

THE FOUR MEMBERS OF FRANZ FERDINAND HUDDLE OVER A LAPtop in a Brooklyn bar, trying to hear the tinny little sound coming out of the speakers. The Scottish rockers are getting their first listen to a track they just downloaded a few minutes ago—Lil Wayne sampling their song "This Fire" on one of his mix tapes, turning it into the stoned-to-the-bone hip-hop chant "Burn This City." Lead singer Alex Kapranos nods along. "It's brilliant, isn't it?" he says. "It's hard to get our heads around—somebody on the other side of the world, in New Orleans, hearing himself in this track we banged out in a flat in Glasgow."

Franz Ferdinand have never shied away from the dance floor. Even when they were kicking around the U.K.'s indie-rock bars, these artsy Bowie boys declared their mission was "making the girls dance," and they did it with disco-punk hits like "Take Me Out" and "Do You Want To." They get more clubbed-out than ever on their long-awaited new album, *Tonight*, mixing their trademark catchy hooks and mod guitars with a trippier electro vibe. "It's more of a dance record than a rock record," Kapranos says. "These are night songs, city songs, a little bit sexual and a little bit evil."

Along the way Franz have picked up a curious status as the hip-hop world's favorite Britpop band—Kanye West famously called them "white crunk music," and they jammed with T.I. at a recent New York gig. Even Lil Wayne is into them. The admiration is mutual. "That's what's cool about the rap scene," Kapranos enthuses. "They have no quandaries about what kind of music turns them on. If they hear a beat they can use in a Supertramp track, they just say, 'Wicked.' In the rock world, people worry about what's cool. But we don't give a fuck."

The lads dress the part, as well, defiantly glam at a time when so many English rock bands have become incredibly dowdy and dull. "We have always been interested in the visual element of being a band, but we've never considered ourselves a part of the fashion world. It's vaguely bemusing for us, but good fun." It's part of their reaction against what you might call the Coldplay-ization of the music world, with the bands becoming harder and harder to tell apart. "Very static," Kapranos sighs. "It's always a bunch of guys standing there, arms by their sides, sucking their cheeks in and trying to look serious. We get bored by that sort of thing."

(from bottom left) **Dior Homme** suit, $2,820; **DKNY** shirt, $53, and tie, $60.

Hart Schaffner Marx blazer, $545; **Calvin Klein** shirt, $50.

DKNY suit, $780; **Perry Ellis** shirt, $70.

John Varvatos suit; $1,695; **Burberry Prorsum** shirt, $295; **Yoko D.** tie, $40.

Tartan Army

Four more acts helping to make Glasgow the world's hottest rock scene (and what Scotch to drink with each).

Frightened Rabbit
The Midnight Organ Fight
One of 2008's best albums. This power trio's collection of rollicking indie-folk rocks out one minute and breaks your heart the next.
Pair with: Talisker 10 year

The Twilight Sad
Fourteen Autumns & Fifteen Winters
Like U2 mixed with the Velvet Underground. This barnburner will make you want to paint your face blue and slaughter some Englishmen.
Pair with: Lagavulin 16 year

Glasvegas
Glasvegas
Britain's undisputed buzz band of 2008—their debut entered the charts at number two—Glasvegas' massive, arena-ready anthems sound like Oasis in kilts.
Pair with: MacCallan 12 year

1990s
Kicks
Like their pals in Franz Ferdinand, this '70s-obsessed three-piece make insanely catchy pop-punk that would be just as at home at CBGB or Studio 54.
Pair with: Cragganmore 12 year

Photography Credits

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JELLE WAGENAAR

Where to Buy

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pp.90–91: Five Four jacket, $198, fivefourclothing.com; Club Monaco sweater, $99, Club Monaco stores nationwide; Levi's jeans, $48, levi.com. Michael Bastian trench, $2,625, michaelbastiannyc.com; Diesel Black Gold shirt, $250, and Diesel jeans, $200, diesel.com; John Varvatos boots, $498, johnvarvatos.com. Dior Homme jacket, $5,085, dior homme.com; John Varvatos shirt, $198, and boots, $475, johnvarvatos.com; Diesel jeans, $230, diesel.com. Kenneth Cole trench, $295, kennethcole.com; Zachary Prell shirt, $165, zacharyprell.com; John Varvatos pants, $498, and boots, $645, johnvarvatos.com. **p.92:** Ted Baker suit, $995, select Macy's nationwide; Marc by Marc Jacobs sweater, $198, Marc by Marc Jacobs, New York City; John Varvatos boots, $475, john varvatos.com. John Varvatos jacket, $1,195, john varvatos.com. DDCLAB leather jacket, $1,450, DDCLAB, New York City; Levi's jeans, $60, levis.com; Lacoste polo, $110, lacoste.com; Marc by Marc Jacobs shoes, $470, Marc by Marc Jacobs, N.Y.C.. Banana Republic blazer, $198, banana republic.com; French Connection pants, $118, frenchconnection.com; Filipa K shirt, $149, Filippa K, San Francisco. **p.93:** Dior Homme suit, $2,820, diorhomme.com; DKNY shirt, $53, and tie, $60, select Macy's. Hart Schaffner Marx blazer, $545, hartschaffnermarx.com; Calvin Klein shirt, $50, Macy's nationwide. DKNY suit, $780, select Macy's nationwide; Perry Ellis shirt, $70, perryellis.com. John Varvatos suit, $1,695, johnvarvatos.com; Burberry Prorsum shirt, $295, burberry.com; Yoko D. tie, $40, yokod.com.

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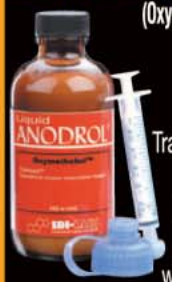

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Male Enhancement Pills . . .

Is it a Hoax or Do They Really Work?

Dr. Daniel Stein, M.D.

I wish I had a dollar for every patient or person that asked me over the last few years about increasing the size of "that certain part of the male body." The preoccupation with size that men have is a mystery to most women. The fact is it is completely normal for most men to want to be larger. It doesn't matter if they are smaller than average, average, or larger than average. It's even been my experience that guys that are almost too big, so big in fact that many women wont go near them with a ten foot pole (sorry about that) still want to be larger!

I was so intrigued by this fact that I started to do research about the "so called" male enhancement pills that came on the market several years ago. The concept that a simple pill could noticeably increase the size of a man's organ seemed plausible, but I wanted to know more. I had done much research over the years about certain sexually enhancing compounds available, so I believed the concept was sound that a pill could be made to make a man larger.

My first task was to look at some of the ads I had seen in magazines for male enhancement. There were some amazing claims by many of these makers. My personal favorite was a cream that claimed to make men instantly larger. I had to laugh out loud when I read what it said. The ad read, "apply cream, rub vigorously, increase your size." I thought for a minute and then decided you could put virtually anything on a man, including guacamole, and if he rubbed vigorously it would increase his size. Then there was an ad for a pill, that if taken daily, would increase the length of a man by 3 to 4 inches in just a few *short* days (sorry about the "short" comment).

I'm sorry, but after all those years of medical school, I know enough about anatomy to know that a guy who is 5 inches in length isn't going to add 3 to 4 inches to his little friend unless he buys a rope, gets a large brick, finds a bridge and...well, you get the picture. At about this time I was beginning to think that perhaps these makers hadn't found the magic mixture of compounds I had hoped they might have.

As the founder of both the Stein Medical Institute and the Foundation for Intimacy, I have spent most of my adult life trying to improve men and

"a pill that, if taken daily, would increase the length of a man by 3 to 4 inches."

women's sexual health. I pride myself on being the best medical doctor I can be and my reputation is important to me. So, when out of the clear blue sky, I got a call from the makers of Extenze, the leader in male enhancement, wanting me to be in one of their TV commercials, I thought, "Boy, did they pick the wrong guy!"

Little did they know that I had done real research into this concept and had recently looked at some of these male enhancement products. But the makers of Extenze seemed to be genuinely convinced that their product really worked, and they claim to have sold over 100 million capsules to men all over the world. "Over 100 million capsules taken by men." With that single declaration, they had my interest. Either Extenze really worked or these guys were the world's greatest snake oil salesmen. So I requested that they send me Extenze formula so I could review it, then we would talk.

I then visited the Extenze.com web site, where I found a page that showed the top twelve adult film stars, all holding Extenze and endorsing it. I thought to myself, "Is it possible Extenze actually works?"

The next day I received the proprietary Extenze formula and there it was, virtually all of the ingredients that I hoped would be in a male enhancement product, 19 pharmaceutical grade nutraceuticals. There was Yohimbe (which used to be available by prescription only,) L-Arginine, Maca...all of it was there.

I contacted the makers of Extenze the very next day and asked them what they needed me for. They explained that they had a desire to have a medical doctor in their T.V. commercials to talk about the effectiveness of the ingredients in Extenze. At that moment an idea sprang into my head. I told them if they would let me improve the formula of Extenze, I would do the commercial for free!

Before I knew it I was working with their

"they claim to have sold almost a quarter of a billion capsules to men."

chemists at the manufacturing plant where we added the most revolutionary thing to the formula of Extenze. We added DHEA, also known as the "mother of all hormones." DHEA is the most important human prohormone and is the prohormone that converts into testosterone in men. DHEA levels decrease with the aging. Production peaks in a man's early 20's, and declines about 10% every 10 years. Low levels of testosterone can lead to low sex drive and a smaller sex organ.

After a few more weeks of tweaking the formula of Extenze, we were done. The new Extenze formula has been selling even better then the old formula, with over 75% of sales to repeat customers. Extenze has been on the market for 7 years and has sold almost a quarter of a billion capsules to men all over the world. It doesn't matter if you're 18 or 80 years old. In my opinion Extenze can make you larger, harder and increase both your intensity and pleasure and it is as simple as taking a single tablet daily. Extenze is so sure it would work for anyone that they're sending out a free one-week supply of Extenze for nothing more then the cost of a postage stamp. You can contact them directly at 800-586-0302. I recommend any man healthy enough to engage in sexual activity should try Extenze. You have nothing to lose but a lot to gain.

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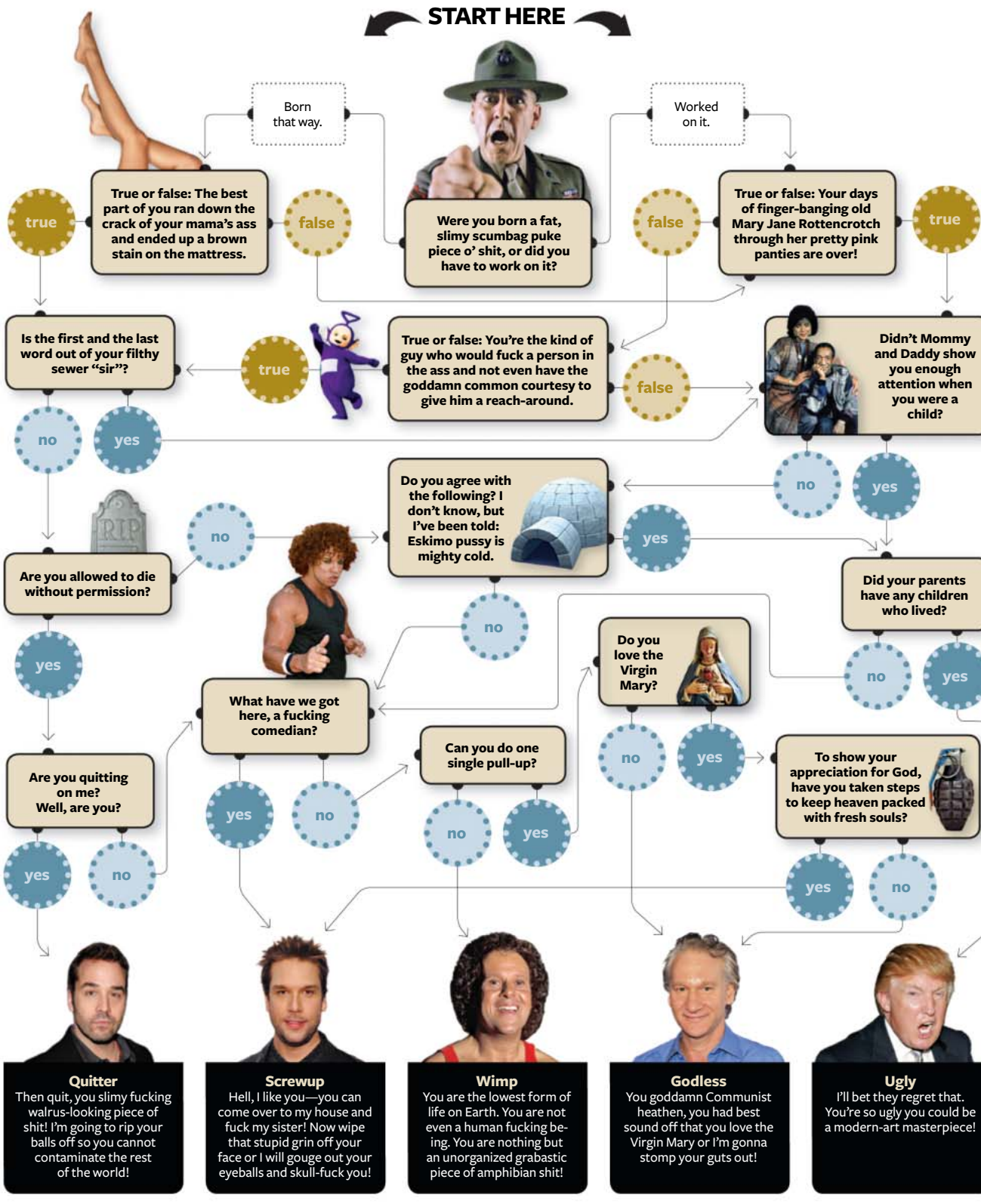
START HERE
Born that way.
Worked on it.
Were you born a fat, slimy scumbag puke piece o' shit, or did you have to work on it?
True or false: The best part of you ran down the crack of your mama's ass and ended up a brown stain on the mattress.
true
false
True or false: Your days of finger-banging old Mary Jane Rottencrotch through her pretty pink panties are over!
false
true
Is the first and the last word out of your filthy sewer "sir"?
true
True or false: You're the kind of guy who would fuck a person in the ass and not even have the goddamn common courtesy to give him a reach-around.
false
Didn't Mommy and Daddy show you enough attention when you were a child?
no
yes
no
yes
Do you agree with the following? I don't know, but I've been told: Eskimo pussy is mighty cold.
yes
no
Are you allowed to die without permission?
no
yes
Did your parents have any children who lived?
no
yes
Do you love the Virgin Mary?
no
yes
What have we got here, a fucking comedian?
yes
no
Can you do one single pull-up?
no
yes
Are you quitting on me? Well, are you?
yes
no
To show your appreciation for God, have you taken steps to keep heaven packed with fresh souls?
yes
no
Quitter
Then quit, you slimy fucking walrus-looking piece of shit! I'm going to rip your balls off so you cannot contaminate the rest of the world!
Screwup
Hell, I like you—you can come over to my house and fuck my sister! Now wipe that stupid grin off your face or I will gouge out your eyeballs and skull-fuck you!
Wimp
You are the lowest form of life on Earth. You are not even a human fucking being. You are nothing but an unorganized grabastic piece of amphibian shit!
Godless
You goddamn Communist heathen, you had best sound off that you love the Virgin Mary or I'm gonna stomp your guts out!
Ugly
I'll bet they regret that. You're so ugly you could be a modern-art masterpiece!

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